CHATELAINE

JUNE · 1939
TEN CENTS

WHY DIDN'T I STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN TO THAT TIP ABOUT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"?

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with **IPANA AND MASSAGE!**

YES, why didn't I? Why did I think that I'd get by?—that my tooth brush would never show a tinge of "pink"! How could I go on . . . day after day . . . just scrubbing my teeth but paying no heed whatever to the health of my gums?

Well, I've certainly learned my lesson. And what a heart-breaking lesson it is! But I'm not going to ignore "pink tooth brush" any longer and run the risk of ruining my smile. I'm going to do a sensible thing at last. I'm going, right away quick, to see my dentist!

* * * * *

Wise lady! For that's the most important thing to do when you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* It may not mean that you're in for serious trouble, but let your dentist make the decision.

Usually, however, he will tell you that it's simply a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums denied hard, vigorous chewing by modern soft, creamy foods. "More work, more exercise for lazy gums," may be his advice. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

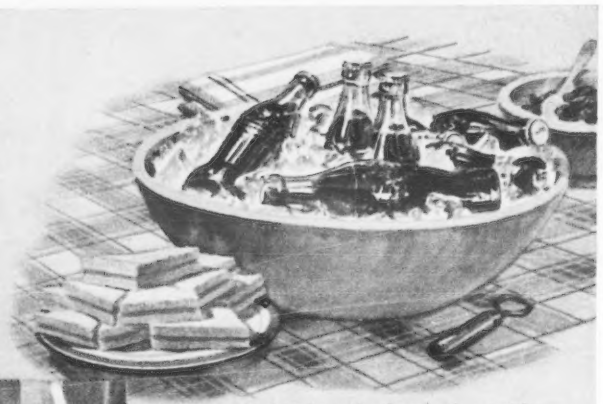
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth with Ipana, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation in the gums is aroused—lazy gums waken—tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana with massage help you, as it has so many others, to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a more attractive smile!

TRY THE NEW **D. D.** TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The refreshing custom ...at college and school



"Coca-Cola" is at its best...ice-cold... pre-cooled in the refrigerator and kept iced before the bottles are opened.

Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" goes to school...to add its refreshing life and sparkle to the sociable side of campus life. Everybody welcomes a happy pause for the tingling refreshment of ice-cold "Coca-Cola" ...pure, wholesome, delicious.

Tested and Approved by The Chatelaine Institute maintained by Chatelaine Magazine

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

SO CONVENIENT TO BUY... THE SIX-BOTTLE CARTON

New "Cold-Wall" FRIGIDAIRE Built on Entirely New Principle!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COVER FOODS!

Amazing New Principle Saves Food's Vital Freshness from Drying Out! . . . Preserves Flavor, Color, Nourishment for Days!

● Imagine keeping even highly perishable foods vitally fresh for days on end! Now, for the first time . . . thanks to Frigidaire's astonishing new "Cold-Wall" Principle . . . it is possible to prolong foods' original freshness for days longer than ever before! Retain their rich nutritional values! Save their peak fresh flavor!

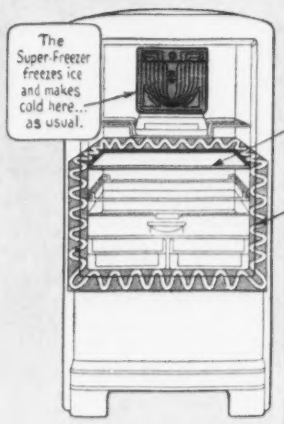
This means that now you save not only the food, but the VITAL VALUES you pay for in food! Natural nourishment stays in . . . *because it doesn't dry out!* Think what this means to health and appetite . . . particularly that of growing children!

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color! Leftovers of all kinds . . . meats, peas, beans, even mashed potatoes . . . stay as delicious as when first prepared. And they needn't even be covered! For with the new "Cold-Wall" Principle, food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. Odor-and-flavor transfer is also checked.

CONVINCE YOURSELF . . . IN 5 MINUTES. SEE PROOF. Only the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire can give you such vital advancement. Only Frigidaire gives you the famous METER-MISER for record low operating cost . . . the new MEAT-TENDER for saving fresh meats . . . SUPER-MOIST HYDRATORS for keeping fruits and vegetables crisp. Only Frigidaire gives you General Motors dependability and long life. Yet . . . the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire costs no more than ordinary "first-line" refrigerators! See proof of every thrilling advantage at your Frigidaire dealer's. See Frigidaire's other models, too — for every need and budget. FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Leaside, Ontario.

See also the new Frigidaire Electric Range—has many exclusive features asked for by 7550 women to combine low cost . . . high speed . . . greater convenience . . . sure results!

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS



NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME

1. THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

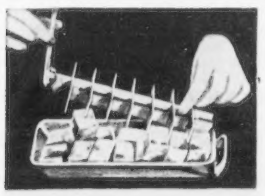
and

2. THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS.

This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!*

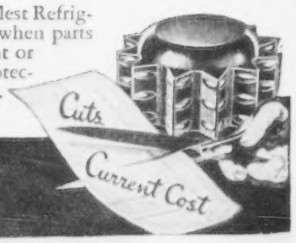
1. Uniform Low Temperatures.
2. 85 to 100% Humidity.
3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation.

All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!



ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS . . . *Imitated but never equalled*—because they're 1. *Easier to use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—made of heavy gauge metal in every part. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—and you'll want only *genuine* FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE . . . Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.



FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

LISTERINE ENDS HUSBAND'S DANDRUFF IN 3 WEEKS!

CHILD'S CASE CLEARED UP WITHIN 10 DAYS

"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month 'just in case,' and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT

Did you think nothing short of a miracle could rid your hair of dirty, telltale dandruff flakes? Have you finally given up in disgust trying remedy after remedy?

Well, here, at last, is positive hope of real relief. A method which has been *proved* in laboratory and clinic. A delightful, invigorating treatment which has brought complete, lasting relief to countless men and women — Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

The secret of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment is killing the germ. It was only recently that Scientists discovered that dandruff is a germ disease . . . caused by a queer little bottle-shaped parasite, Pityrosporum ovale! Immediately things began to happen in the medical world.

In one research, at a great mid-western skin clinic, dandruff patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within two weeks, on an average, a substantial number obtained marked relief! In another study, 76% of the patients of a New Jersey clinic who used the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month. Now, come letters from men and women everywhere telling us of relief they have received from Listerine Antiseptic.

Don't waste another day before starting to rid your scalp and hair of dandruff. Start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . the treatment with a laboratory and clinical record of positive dandruff control.

And even when dandruff has completely disappeared, use Listerine Antiseptic occasionally to offset possible recurrence.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) LTD., *Toronto.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions can not be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

MADE IN CANADA

Grand Radio Entertainment . . . the top-ranking Mystery Thrillers

"DRUMS" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

Calgary	CFCN	Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.
Charlottetown	CFCY	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Edmonton	CFRN	Tuesday	8-8:30 P.M.
Fredericton	CFNB	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Kirkland Lake	CJKL	Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
North Bay	CFCH	Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Ottawa	CBO	Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.
Sydney	CJCB	Sunday	8:30-9 P.M.
Timmins	CKGB	Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Winnipeg	CKY	Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.

"Adventures of Charlie Chan"

Montreal	CFCF	Sunday	6-6:30 P.M.
Sudbury	CKSO	Wednesday	8:30-9 P.M.
Toronto	CFRB	Sunday	6:30-7 P.M.

Wallace Reyburn tests your wits with this Canadian quiz

Maybe You're Wrong

1. One of these is not a Canadian:
   (a) Beatrice Lillie.
   (b) Carole Lombard.
   (c) Elizabeth Arden.
   (d) Deanna Durbin.
   (e) Norma Shearer.
2. If you found out you were suffering from myopia, you would:
   (a) seek a dry climate?
   (b) go on a strict diet?
   (c) have yourself psychoanalyzed?
   (d) consult an eye specialist?
   (e) have a hot bath and go to bed?
3. A chatelaine is a:
   (a) book of recipes?
   (b) small ornamental vase?
   (c) work-basket?
   (d) gift from young man to his bride-to-be?
   (e) mistress of a household?
4. How are you on capitals? One of these is wrong:
   (a) Chile: Santiago.
   (b) Australia: Canberra.
   (c) New Zealand: Auckland.
   (d) India: Delhi.
   (e) Switzerland: Berne.
5. If you had a dollar for each woman in the Canadian Federal Parliament, you would have:
   (a) $5, (b) $7, (c) $4,
   (d) $2, (e) $1.25.
6. If you said "a well-boiled icicle," when you meant "a well-oiled bicycle," that would be a:
   (a) pun?
   (b) malapropism?
   (c) epithet?
   (d) spoonerism?
   (e) platitude?
7. One of the following well-known women is wrongly described:
   (a) Jean Batten: long-distance flier.
   (b) Dorothy L. Sayers: dress designer.
   (c) Mary Baker Eddy: founder of Christian Science.
   (d) Mrs. George Black: Canadian member of Parliament.
   (e) Lynn Fontanne: Actress.
8. You'd be marked "one wrong" if you spelled these words like this:
   (a) harass. (d) gauge.
   (b) cemetery. (e) pedlar.
   (c) plentitude.
9. The authoress of those famous novels of Canadian life, the "Jalna" books, is:
   (a) Mazo de la Roche?
   (b) Mazzo de Laroche?
   (c) Martha de la Rouch?
   (d) Mazo Della Roche?
   (e) Mazzo de la Roche?
10. In this very peculiar English language of ours there are . . . ways pronouncing the syllable "ough":
    (a) three? (d) eight?
    (b) eleven? (e) one?
    (c) five?
11. If you wanted to stay at the biggest hotel in the British Empire, you would go to:
    (a) London, England?
    (b) Sydney, Australia?
    (c) Bombay, India?
    (d) Toronto, Canada?
    (e) Durban, South Africa?
12. On the new Canadian coins King George:
    (a) looks left, with a crown?
    (b) looks left, without a crown?
    (c) looks right, with a crown?
    (d) looks right, without a crown?
13. There is one word you can place in front of all the following and it makes sense in each case:
    (a) —— race horse.
    (b) —— color.
    (c) —— asleep.
    (d) —— to a post.
    (e) —— hussy.
    (f) —— and get thin.
14. The number of candles the Dionne Quintuplets will have on their next birthday cake is:
    (a) four? (d) eight?
    (b) two? (e) three?
    (c) six?

More questions and the answers are on page 27

Not Without a Plan

by

MILDRED FOULKE MEESE

He leaped to the window and pressed his face eagerly against the pane.

LIL' OLE Miss Doc was tired. She admitted it. And that was something new, for even to herself a country doctor must ignore fatigue or she never would be anything else but tired. She leaned her head against the door for a moment, resting there in the very early morning light as though the effort of going on into her house were just a little more than she could manage.

The sound of voices came from the side hall, early as it was. She lifted her head and smiled. Good old Lily May. Trust her to drive them off if she could!

A man's impatient voice said, "Well, go on in and see! I don't want to make her lose sleep but she might be awake and I know she'll come out if she is. I've got to get back to the factory. How do you know she's asleep, anyhow?"

Lily May was planted firmly in the hall by the bedroom door. "Ah knows 'cause I tole her I was goin' t' set here all night and for once she was goin' t' git her rest, younguns ner no younguns. Always enuff of 'em, anyhow."

Lil' ole Miss Doc opened the screen and went in. "Well, sorry if you don't approve, Lily May, but for better or for worse there are two more of them in the world. Susie had twins this time. Hello, Tom. How's the arm?"

Lily May's eyes popped until they seemed all whites.

"Mis' Mary! How youall do git out? I stay here, never budge all night an' youall don' pass me. Mus' be magick. Or youall be up t' tricks, mebbe."

The doctor smiled. "Oh, I have my ways. Come on in, Tom, and I'll look you over." No use telling Lily May she had heard her snoring when the telephone rang and had simply stepped out the window when she was ready to make the trip to Susie's. She'd be barring the windows next.

"Jus' look at yourself, now," scolded the black woman, fussing over her as though she were a child, taking her bag and hat out of her hands. "Next youall'l be goin' into the pox them Indians done got up Clearcreek way."

The doctor caught a look at herself in the mirror as she motioned Tom into her consulting room. She was little and thin and old—very old she felt this morning—and there were smudges of deep fatigue underneath her eyes and deep lines etched around her mouth. She turned and in her deep blue eyes there was a smile of thanks, recognition for faithful and loving service. "You might get me a cup of coffee, Lily."

Lily May was off as fast as her statuesque two hundred pounds would permit, happy to have something she could do for her beloved Mis' Mary. "Well, Tom, I guess my dusky Lily will give us some peace for a little while. Let's see that arm. Pretty early visit this time, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," said the boy. "I got to be getting back to work. Workin' overtime, nights and days, these times."

Miss Doc washed her hands, scrubbing methodically and thoroughly. Country doctor she might be, but she was not carrying infection from one patient to another. Even Lily May would have been satisfied if she had known how careful she had been these past few weeks with those smallpox cases. Anyway, she'd got all the Indians vaccinated and the sick ones well, and she'd worn old clothes and burned them each time, changing at the woods cabin, safely out of sight of Lily May. For years, until it had become a habit of mind, she had told herself a dozen times a day, "You're just as good as the worst slip you make." Well, she had not made many and it had not always been easy.

SHE DRIED her hands on a sterile towel, unwrapped the bandage on the young man's arm. "Ummm. Hurts, doesn't it?"

"Some." He was six feet of young, blond masculinity and he could not admit hurt even to her. She looked with affection at this boy with his strong, alert face. She had had a soft spot for Tom ever since the morning she had brought him into the world, for she had liked his mother and his mother had died that morning. Her keen eyes

GO FOR A RIDE AND *You'll* GO FOR AN OLDS

Illustrated—Oldsmobile "Select Six" Sedan with Trunk

Revolutionary Rhythmic Ride

On the roughest roads, Oldsmobile practically paves its own way. That's because it's the only car with Quadri-Coil Springing—*plus* 4-Way Stabilization—*plus* Knee-Action wheels. All three add up to the revolutionary Rhythmic Ride, the smoothest and gentlest ride you'll find anywhere, at any price . . . And every 1939 Oldsmobile has it!

Drive this New Olds Six . . .

NOW PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!

Get to know the new *low-priced* Olds "Select Six"—out on the open road! You'll find at your command power, pep and pace that double the fun of driving—power developed by a masterful 95-h.p. Olds Engine that saves you money every mile. You'll thrill to a kind of handling ease you've never known before—the result of Dual Center-Control Steering, Handi-Shift Gear Control and Super-Safe Hydraulic Brakes. You'll relax in the luxury of a big, roomy Body by Fisher that gives you *extra vision for extra safety*. You'll marvel at the smoothness, the gentleness, the steadiness of Oldsmobile's revolutionary new Rhythmic Ride—the same ride you get in the Olds "Seventy Series" and "Eighty Series" for 1939. So, take a trial drive today. Get acquainted with the new Olds "Select Six"—*compare its price with the lowest*—and you'll get a story of motor car value no other low-priced car can tell! Low monthly payments on the General Motors Instalment Plan.

OLDSMOBILE

bird to look up at him. "You always did set too high a store by Len's brains. He's no different from anybody else except he sets too high store by your muscles and lifting power. And after all, Jim, *you* got Alice. 'Fraid you're walking too fast for me."

Jim grew a swarthy red. "That's nothing to do with it," he said shortly, but he slowed his pace. "Sorry."

But it had and he knew that she knew it. There never had been any enmity between the two of them until they both had wanted Alice, and it had not easily been forgotten by either of them, even when Alice decided that she wanted Jim.

She shook her head at him. "You're just plain stubborn, Jim. I've known you a long time, remember. Hope Alice hasn't found you out yet."

SHE LEFT him at the factory door and went into the office to find Len Files. Len did have brains; maybe she could do something with him. She had not hoped for too much from Jim. He was a good boy and smart, but get a Kenron's stubborn streak up and you realised that you were against more than the great wall of China.

and stubbly. "How is he?" she asked at once.

She found Len at his desk, his hands propping his head above a sheaf of papers. He was a slight nervous person with prematurely grey hair that set oddly above his still youthful face, and just now he looked unutterably weary. His clothes were in disarray and his face stubbly with beard. His hair was on end. His eyes were bloodshot and they blinked at her uncertainly as she stepped into the office.

Then his face lighted. "Hello, Miss Mary! Glad to see you. Here, have a chair." He pulled one up for her. "Sorry, things are sort of untidy here, I'm afraid." He indicated the laden desk apologetically.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

"Len Files, you've been up all night!"

His face relaxed into a smile. "Always at us, aren't you, Miss Doc? Bet you've been up all night yourself! Well, I guess you won't need to worry much. I won't be up many more nights. Not in this business, anyway."

"I heard something about that. Want to tell me?"

"Sure. Only there's not much to tell. I've been hanging on by my teeth, hoping to get this order out for the Christmas trade finished and the boys pick this time to strike."

"Dear me, capital and labor, eh?"

"Oh, no," he was as quick to defend the boys with whom he had grown up as to clear himself. "Nothing like that on either side. They just want more wages and they should have them. Lord knows I'd give it to them if I could. But I've borrowed every cent I can to tide over until we get this order out and paid for. Then I could get new financing and new machinery and go after the big orders we can't handle now."

"Pretty bad, is it?"

He smiled at her wanly. "I'm afraid it's just about as bad as it can be. If we're delayed we can't get the stuff out on time, and that means no more orders and we'll lose the money for this one. You can't fool with this seasonal stuff. That means . . ." his voice trailed off helplessly.

"Why haven't you told the boys?"

"It would be bad for it to get around that I'm pushed for money. And anyway," he added bitterly, "they didn't give me a chance. They might have trusted me. They know I've always given them all I could and the books are open to them any time. I haven't taken any more for myself than I've given to them—and most of mine has gone back into the business on top of it. I don't have a family to keep."

Miss Doc looked down at her hands in silence. She knew so well what lay under that last statement and her heart ached for him, but Jim had won that fairly.

"You might talk it over with Jim, Len. He has a way with the men."

Len's mouth tightened. "Never! He didn't give me a chance, not even to explain how I was fixed. He just bounced in here and demanded more money for everybody by Monday or else. Well, let him try the or else. I've done all I can. Lord knows I've worked harder than any man in the place."

"Maybe he had his reasons."

"Well, if he did he didn't tell them to me. Not that I wanted to hear them."

"He might now. I suspect he has them." She waited a minute and then said, "You've been friends a good many years."

He shook his head. "Thanks for trying, Miss Doc. It's no use. I've quit myself."

Little Miss Doc rose. She understood when a time was wrong. No use talking to a hungry, sleepy man. "Well, young man," she said briskly, "perhaps you'll take your doctor's orders and get a little rest. No law against that, is there?"

He grinned valiantly. "No. Guess not. I'll lie down here for a little while, anyway. You always did get your own way."

"Not about everything, it seems. Better get something to eat first." She made her way out through the factory door.

For a while she watched the men as they worked on the innumerable wooden novelties which Len had designed for the Christmas trade, snatching the town out of the flatness in which the failure of the one previous factory had left it. "And now all over again just because two silly boys won't talk to each other," she thought disgustedly. "I must be losing my grip but I guess I'm stumped. The trouble is that they aren't boys any more. Grown people never do behave themselves as well as young ones."

"Hello, Miss Doc!" It was Tom, working on his patterns and just finishing his early trick.

"Hello, Tom. Show me that, will you? What is it?"

"Sure. This is a darb. It's going to be for hanging on nursery shelves. Look!"

But a faraway look had come into Little Miss Doc's eyes and she scarcely heard the careful explanation he gave her. There must be a way. What was it Pope once had said, a "might maze, but not without a plan." "Hmmm," she said to herself musingly, " 'not without a plan' eh?"

She walked slowly over to the post office and at the entrance met Louisa Ann. "Hello, Louisa Ann. How are you this morning? You and Tom married yet?"

Louisa Ann was pretty and young and haughty as only twenty has a right to be. And she was both mad and miserable.

"I'm not married to anyone and I'm fine, thanks."

"You don't look it. Everyone in this town seems to be going into a decline; must be they need a new doctor. I just saw Tom at the factory and he looks awful." She read her mail unconcernedly, apparently not noticing the consternation on the girl's face.

"Is—is he sick?"

"No-o. I guess not. He just doesn't seem to be himself, somehow. I don't suppose he's eating properly, working night and day, trying to get the patterns out ahead of the boys, and trying to cook for himself."

"He doesn't seem to want a wife to do it for him!" Louisa Ann kept her tone stiff, but under the haughtiness the hurt was there.

The doctor ignored it. "Oh, you never can tell about a man. They always have the most outlandish reasons for the things they do; if only they'd talk things out once in a while! Maybe we women don't give them a chance, though."

Louisa Ann stood still and waited but there was no more. She'd given the girl a hint and she would have to make the most of it. "Oh, by the way, I told Tom he ought to have a good nourishing lunch tonight on the night trick. I'll have Lily May have it ready about nine o'clock. Thought you might carry it up to him; I'll be busy in the office."

Louisa stiffened. "If he thinks I'll . . ." but the old doctor interrupted. "Oh, no, he doesn't think. It was just a kind of favor to me. But if you don't want to go maybe Lily May can manage. Kind of far for her, being so heavy an' all and scared of the dark, but a little puffing won't hurt her for once." She started to walk on, the left foot turning a little as she went.

"Oh, Miss Mary, I'll do it for you, of course. I'll be glad to do it for you."

"Thank you so much, Louisa Ann," said the doctor soberly, "that'll be a real help."

She proceeded to make her rounds. Another secretive trip to the Indians and the subsequent care to eliminate any danger of contamination. More measles out Mina Corners way at the Thompsons'. They were spreading. "I wish I could quarantine the parents, too. I'm beginning to think they carry 'em, medical journals or no medical journals."

She looked in at the new babies. Thank heaven even the littlest one was pink and breathing right in the home-made incubator. "And how they eat!" said Susie proudly.

Office hours were long and strenuous and she was glad when the day was done. Now if only she could get a whole night's sleep for once . . .

AT EIGHT the next morning the telephone rang furiously. Lily May finally answered and then rumbled into the bedroom. "S'Mister Len an' he says he got to talk to youall. He says this is a matter of life an' death an' no foolin', so I guess you got to wake up."

Lil' ole Miss Doc reached for the telephone quickly. "Len wouldn't talk like that 'less something's the matter," she said. "Hello, Len . . . Yes . . . What? . . . *Tom?* Oh, nonsense . . . I don't believe it . . . oh, well, what kind of a rash?" She listened for a minute to a torrent of excited words pouring over the wire. ☆ *Continued on page 42*

appraised him, seeing misery where she should have seen happiness. "Louisa Ann still mad at you?"

"Yes."

"Seems like it's quite a spell now. She ought to be getting over it by now, seems though." She swabbed the wound with strong steady fingers that did not falter above his involuntary wince. "Better let me see this again tomorrow."

He held out his arm to receive the fresh bandage she wound around it skilfully. "Can't, I'm afraid. Got to get out some special work at the factory."

"Why all the rush about the factory? Len isn't one to drive a man like that."

Tom's face was bitter. "Don't I know that? If only the rest of the numskulls in this village knew as much. I'm trying to get the patterns done before the men strike, if I can."

Miss Doc stopped her bandaging suddenly. "Strike? Who's going to strike? What for?"

Tom was grim. "The boys are. And it's going to ruin Len. He's been hanging on like grim death till he gets this Christmas order done and paid for, and now he'll lose it. You can't hold up seasonal stuff and he's been afraid all along that he'd lose this order if they knew how near the edge he was. Now this'll crimp it right and proper."

"Well! First I've heard of all this!"

"I've known all along on account of making the patterns, but I promised not to tell a soul for fear the word might get back to the people who are depending on getting the stuff in time. That's why I couldn't explain to Louisa Ann when she thought I got her to postpone the wedding because I didn't love her. I'd promised Len, and I couldn't tell her that maybe there wouldn't be any job soon to support her with. Good-by job, now."

The doctor looked thoughtful. "But that'll just about ruin this town. There's nothing else here. Why doesn't Len tell the boys?"

"They didn't give him no chance. They just barged in and demanded higher wages an' no excuses. You know how Jim does things." Tom laughed sourly. "Higher wages! And Len borrowed up to his ears to pay 'em as is."

"Well, seems like I'll have to go to see those two boys. They've known each other long enough that they ought to be able to sit down and talk this over sensibly." Her blue eyes snapped. "And young folks oughtn't to have to put off getting married when they're like you and Louisa Ann." She softened to a gentler note. "Like her pretty much, don't you, Tom?"

"Reckon I'd lie down an' die and let her walk on me if she wanted to." There was no mirth in his face and the doctor did not smile.

"Guess you won't have to die for a spell, you're a pretty husky young one. We probably can get along with something less. Louisa Ann is lucky. You go along now, back to your patterns. I'll have to think about this."

"Yes'm," Tom said as gently as though to his mother, and took himself off.

BREAKFAST over, the doctor went into her room to lie down, partly because it was easier to do than withstand Lily May's exhortations, but mostly because she did really want to think. As she lay there on the old couch there was something about her that made one look at her with more than casual interest. She was of indeterminable age, certainly over fifty and might well have been ten years more. She was short and slight, almost frail, and probably she once had been beautiful, indeed, she was not even now without a kind of beauty that was both elusive and indefinable. She had once been blond, but there was now so much grey in her hair that it was turned to a soft dustiness no longer vivid, so it was not that. It was in her face. It was lined and tired always, but there was something there. Perhaps it was the blazing blue of her eyes, the more blue because of her perennially tanned skin. She never would be really old while her eyes blazed that blue.

She had come to Winding Creek many years ago as a very young woman, shortly out of medical school. She had brought Lily May with her and set out to practice in this little village near the north woods, a fiercely independent figure with a slight limp.

The people grew to like the little doc to whom no night call was too far away and no road too difficult to pass. Now all but the oldest of them had forgotten about the faraway time when she must have come to them. No one really knew whether she was Miss or Mrs., but she wore no ring and the village reasoned that no sane woman would fail to call herself Mrs. if she were one. Someone had asked her what she wanted to be called, Miss Parkins or Mrs. Parkins, but she had said with finality, "Doctor Parkins." That had ended that, too.

But as the years went on and she became a figure more and more familiar in the heart of their lives, more and more a part of them, she became, affectionately, Little Miss Doc and, finally, Little Old Miss Doc. That had shortened to Lil' ole Miss Doc. She was entirely aware of it all, of course.

She did not in the least mind it for she was more aware than they that she was, indeed, old. She stretched wearily to her full length on the couch. There was this situation at the factory; she'd have to do something about it. She sighed. Maybe they'd listen to her. They almost always did.

SHE WAS up in time, to Lily May's distress, to be walking past Jim Kenron's house when he came out to go to work. He was a brawny man of immense proportions, with very white teeth and careless dark good looks. He swung down the garden walk, a powerful arm raised in friendly greeting. Jim Kenron, floor boss of the town's only factory, liked Miss Doc.

"Hi, Miss Mary! Out early, aren't you?"

She slowed her pace. "Oh, hello, Jim. How's Alice? You look fit enough."

"Oh, sure. She is, too. Going in to see her?"

"No, not this morning. She's all right. Have to go right over to see Len Files."

"Oh." Jim's expansive smile was cut short, giving way to sullenness.

"I hear you and the boys are thinking of striking."

"Not only just thinking."

"Bad as that, is it?"

Jim did not reply but swung along as though the conversation were finished. Miss Doc, however, was not through and no one put her off until she was through. She looked sharply at him and could feel the discomfiture with which he bore the gaze.

She knew that Jim had a very real respect as well as fondness for her. She had carried him through pneumonia and scarlet fever, and she had regularly yanked him out of the swimming hole when he had gone in too early, but she had found him, too, when he was green and sick from his first pipe. Now, had he been ten years younger he would have squirmed and she knew it. It took courage for young Jim to set himself up against her.

"Been working for Len five years now, haven't you, Jim?"

"Yes. And never got a raise in wages, either."

She considered that. "He started right in the middle of the depression when the basket factory people gave up, didn't he?"

"He had two years pretty good times."

"Not too long to get a business bought and on its feet and some paid for, I guess. Not to mention a recession or whatever they call it now."

"We've got it coming to us."

"I expect you have—if you can get it. Nothing else to do here much if the factory closes, is there?" She must not tell too much of what Tom had told her.

Jim laughed. "He won't close, don't worry. Look how he's trying to rush that Christmas order! This is the time to get our raise."

"Might be a good thing to talk it over. Might be a good plan, Jim. You boys used to do things together enough, fishing and all. Seems like this ought to be done together, too."

Jim's tone was resentful. "We're not boys. He's the big boss, the smart guy. Mr. Brains. I'm not talking anything over with him."

She cocked her head on one side like an alert little

Keller was still comfortably asleep, but Len and Jim were awake and cross

"I've got to go, darling," he said. "I can't go on taking your father's money when I know he hates the sight of me."

Illustrated by Stanley Parkhouse

by REITA LAMBERT

"Not by *any* chance. That's one of the nice things about it, the element of suspense, you know." He looked at her. "It's quite an experience when it does go—you wouldn't care to try it right now, would you?"

"Not tonight, thanks."

"I was afraid you wouldn't," he said, and sighed. "Did I understand your father to say your name was Ellen?"

"Ellie for fun. Yours is Carl, isn't it?"

"Only on the books. For all ordinary purposes, I'm just Rid."

"I like that better than Carl."

"Am I lucky! Look, maybe I could borrow a real car or how about a movie? We could walk there."

"I'm sorry, but I can't tonight. I have a date."

"Sure you have. Well, how about tomorrow?"

She had a date for tomorrow, too, and for every other night as well, probably. Nearly every night now for the past two months, as soon as he was off duty at the hospital, Howard Conway had been dropping around, and it was tacitly understood by everybody that he would continue to do so. But Ellen said, "N-no, not really a date. But if we're going out riding in that, I'd better make my will, hadn't I?"

"It might be a wise precaution," he said.

But what either of them said didn't matter. The words had all been spoken before. What underlay them, the vibrant magic for which those shopworn words were only the living current, was as new and vital, as full of wonder and promise as the new leaves uncurling on the branches above them.

ELLEN STOOD at the curb and waited until he had started his dreadful car with a clatter as of all the breaking dishes in the world. He gave her a triumphant salute and she waved and turned back to the house. She appeared the same girl who had left it ten minutes before, as light and lovely, her dark head as sleekly coiffed, her frock as smart as became the daughter of one of Eastville's leading citizens. She appeared the same Ellen Henry who had been called the prettiest and the most popular girl in town, had run the gamut of its eligible males and was now—to every other girl's mother's relief—reported engaged to that young Doctor Conway who was serving his interneship at the local hospital.

But Ellie knew that she had changed, and all the world with her, during the ten minutes she had stood there in the spring twilight with Carl Ridley. It was not very long before her parents and Howard Conway, too, became aware of this change in her and, casting about for its cause, found it in the russet-haired boy who was her father's most recent and most insignificant employee.

"A twenty-dollar-a-week clerk!" Mrs. Henry groaned "A boy just out of college! A—a—"

She stopped, knowing in her heart that it was less of Carl than of her own child she disapproved. There had been so many Carls, so many Toms and Dicks and Harrys. And, at last there had been Howard. Howard was everything a mother could desire for her child, ambitious, steady, good looking, well bred, entirely eligible. Exactly the husband for a volatile, impetuous, fun-loving nature like Ellie's. So she had told her husband, and, for two months Ellie had appeared to agree with her. One by one the queue of lesser suitors had dropped off under Howard's patient, persistent devotion. And now this boy had come, this portionless, nondescript boy with his lunatic car and red head and laughing blue eues.

Poor Mrs. Henry saw the whole dreadful business starting all over again, saw the return of all the vanquished suitors—"And it isn't as if she were a child. She's twenty-one. She should know her own mind—"

Ellie knew her own mind and her own heart as she had never done before. But, like the boy who cried wolf too often, no one would believe her, her parents least of all. They did not mean to be unkind or inhospitable, but they could not bring themselves to make Rid welcome in their home and, when Mr. Henry arrived at the office these mornings, his beaming "Good morning" seemed subtly to exclude the young clerk in the checking department.

But Ellie had found her love and had no intention of giving him up. She met Rid in secret, easily over-riding his scruples, passionately pointing out that these clandestine measures had been forced upon them. They took ear-splitting, bouncy drives in his ancient car, parking in some spring-sweet grove to vow eternal love and fidelity. And gradually they came to see themselves as another ill-fated Romeo and Juliet, with poor Howard Conway as the villain of the piece into whose arms her implacable parents were trying to force her.

The very mention of Howard's name was enough to turn Rid's eyes to living fire and his arms to hot, possessive steel. "They can't do it, darling, they can't force you to marry him against your will!"

Ellie would solemnly promise that no power on earth should force her to become Howard's wife, though the young doctor had long since withdrawn from the contest. But she could not resist referring to him sometimes, Rid's fears and fury were so irresistibly fierce and sweet.

But the night came at last when he told her that he must leave her. "I've got to go, darling. I can't stick it any longer. Your father's only keeping me on in my job out of friendship for Uncle Jim, and I can't stand that. I can't go on taking his money when I know he hates the sight of me."

"But you can't leave! I won't let you. Where would you go—what would you do?"

"I have friends. I could leave here and find something—better than I've got here, probably, and when I do—"

"No! I won't let you go—not alone. It's all my fault—my own father's fault. Rid, I'm going with you."

"Do you think I'd let you do that! It may be weeks, months before I land a job—"

"I'm going!"

"Do you think I'd let you make such a sacrifice for me?"

"I'm going!"

Sacrifice indeed! When only to be with him was all she asked of life. What if he didn't land a job right away, what if they were poor? She had a little money, so did he, and they would be together. What did anything else matter? ☆ *Continued on page 24*

The MAGNIFICENT LIE

THE TRAIN drew into the station, the conductor went down the aisle calling, "Eastville—Eastville!" and Ellen Ridley tucked her purse under her arm, picked up her heavy suitcase and followed him. There were few passengers getting off, fortunately no one she knew. She hoped her luck would hold the rest of the way home. It would have been simple if she could have taken a taxi, but she couldn't afford a taxi. The cost of her ticket had left her with exactly seven cents in her purse. But that was all right. It would be good for her to walk. The doctor had told her that walking was the best possible exercise for her right now.

"Don't go shutting yourself up," he had said. "Don't go cutting down on your exercise." He said some women, especially with their first baby, were afraid to budge, afraid of their own bodies. "But that's nonsense. You're going to feel better and stronger than you ever did in your life."

She wasn't feeling stronger, but she had tried to follow his advice. Every day after Rid had left and she had tidied up the room as best she could, she walked up to the park. There she would sit on a bench in the sun and rest and watch the cars streaming by. And all the time she was walking and resting, she tried to keep her mind free of worry and of fear, to empty it of everything but confidence and happiness, for the doctor had told her that unhealthy thoughts were as bad for the baby as an unhealthy body.

Which was why she had not told Rid. She had planned to tell him as soon as he found work, but he hadn't found it and the time was approaching when he must know, without being told, and she knew he would not be glad. How could you be glad for the coming of another mouth to feed when, often, there wasn't enough food for the two of them? How could you be glad for the coming of a baby to a sunless furnished room scarcely big enough for one, a room into which the sounds and smells of a dozen other rooms penetrated, however much you aired it, however tightly you fastened doors and windows? She and Rid could have borne it, as they had borne it all these months, but she had no right to deny her baby the comforts his mother had relinquished in the name of love.

This was what she had told Rid in the note she had left for him. She had assured him of her love, "Always and always, darling, and, perhaps some day when things are better, we can all be together again—the three of us. But right now I'd only be a burden to you, and think when the baby came—don't you see how unfair it would be to him? (From the first Ellen had thought of the baby as a boy.) And it will be easier for you alone, and cheaper, too, and you're bound to find something soon. I know how you're going to feel about my going home, but oh, Rid, my darling, I had to. For the baby's sake—"

She had begged him to forgive her but, knowing his pride, doubted if he ever would. This was the one thing he would never forgive. She had signed her letter and left, nevertheless. She thought she would die when she went out, staggering under the weight of her suitcase, into the chill, untidy squalor of the street. But it had never occurred to her to turn back.

Now as she checked her suitcase in the Eastville station and started for the home she had left nearly a year before, there was a strange lethargy upon her that was almost peace. She had accepted defeat and it was like an anesthesia. It was all over, the sweet delirium of those first weeks with Rid, the exaltation and defiance, the dreams they had dreamed and lost and found again in each other's arms, the long months with everything about them growing shabbier and dingier—everything except their love. It was all over, and nothing that happened now could matter very much.

Ellen walked up Mill Street and saw that the branches of its old elms and maples were feathered with frivolous young leaves and that the lawns before the houses were a tender young green. She had hardly realized that spring had come again. It had been spring the night she had met Rid—

THERE WAS a centrepiece of jonquils from the garden on the dinner table that night. Her mother was boasting about them when the maid came in to say that a young man was calling, a young man from the office with some papers for Mr. Henry. "He wants to know if he'll just leave them?"

"Yes, I guess—no, I'd better speak to him. Ask him to come in and have a cup of coffee with us." And he explained to his wife that this was the boy he had told her about, the new clerk he'd taken on at the request of an old friend who was the boy's uncle. "Seems the kid's parents are dead and Jim's kind of been looking out for him—put him through college—he just graduated last year, and Jim's been trying to find a place for him—Oh, hello there, Carl! Come in! How about a cup of coffee?" He introduced him to his wife and daughter, and the maid drew up a chair for him.

His name was Carl Ridley, and he was tall and broad and had the loose-jointed ease of an active athlete. His thick, crisp hair was such a ruddy brown that it just missed being red, and when his blue eyes met Ellen's dark ones across the table, she saw that his enormous dignity was pure sham, assumed out of deference to his boss.

He discussed the papers he had brought, with Mr. Henry, and when they all left the dining room, Mrs. Henry politely invited him to stay while he as politely declined. Then, as Mr. Henry opened the front door, Ellen spied the car parked at the curb. It was the most outrageous travesty of an automobile, she had ever seen, an ancient sedan stripped to look like a roadster, battered and patched beyond belief but with an air of jaunty impudence about it that made you want to laugh

Ellen pointed at it. "Is that your car?"

Carl Ridley said, pleased, "Think of your recognizing it as a car—from this distance, too!"

Mr. and Mrs. Henry laughed, Ellen stepped out on the porch and it seemed quite natural, when Carl left, for her to accompany him down the walk to inspect his unique vehicle. She looked it over gravely and announced, "I think it's marvellous."

He eyed her dubiously. "You wouldn't kid me!"

"It really is."

"I picked it up the other day. A dollar down and a dollar a week. You don't think I got gypped, do you?"

She said judicially, "Well, prices being what they are these days. Does it go, by any chance?"

What are you prepared to do for your country in the event of a national emergency? . . . would you be willing to undergo training if you are not able to help in any way now? . . . you'll be asked these questions soon under the first national registration of women, made possible by the magnificently organized machinery of women's clubs in Canada

sible emergencies. The A.R.P. was launched by a group of women going to Sir Samuel Hoare and offering their services, and the result was not only the registration of women already qualified to serve, but the training of women who were willing but unskilled, and the formation of defense units.

However, the English system was sponsored and financed by the Government, and was really voluntary enlistment for compulsory service. That is, no woman had to register, but if she did register, she was obliged to serve if called upon. The Canadian scheme, though inspired by the English plan, differs in several important respects. There will be nothing binding about registration, and the work will not be financed by the Government, or officially sponsored by the Government, though the leaders have been assured that federal authorities are in favor of the project and will welcome the information collected.

Questions asked in the survey will include what technical training, if any, a woman has had, as a chemist, biologist, physician, nurse, dietitian, typist, filing clerk, first aid worker, motor mechanic, telephone, telegraph or radio operator; what experience and training she has had in the commercial preservation of food; what experience or training in operating power machines, and what kind; what experience or training in manufacturing or inspecting munitions, hospital supplies, and clothing; whether she can drive a car, what kind of license she has, and whether she could drive in a black-out; what experience or training she has had in catering or in cooking and buying food in large quantities; what experience and training she has had in managing camps or recreational groups; whether she is employed, if not, how long unemployed, and would she be willing to take training of any kind; what experience or training she has had in teaching children or adults; can she knit; can she sew; what facilities she has for taking children into her home temporarily.

All this information will be collected and tabulated by the club women of Canada. While considering the registration project, Miss Hyndman was impressed by the fact that thousands of women throughout the country were active in different societies, and she felt that in the existing organizations there was machinery ready to hand. Here were women trained in public service, accustomed to working with each other, familiar with local conditions, and it seemed only common sense to put the new project in their hands. She thought of the National Council of Women, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Women's Canadian Clubs, Red Cross, Canadian Nurses' Association, Canadian Women's Medical Association, Women's Institutes, Ladies' Auxiliary of the British Empire Service League, Women's Auxiliaries of Veterans' organizations, Catholic Women's League, women's service clubs, lodges, church and missionary societies, and many others. Officers consulted were cordial and promised co-operation. Eventually representatives of all these societies were invited to form the V.R.C.W. They appointed executive, finance and publicity committees, then proceeded to organize by provinces. Incidentally, while Quebec was omitted from the original plans, because there was no desire to force any undertaking on that province which might be misunderstood or resented, if women in Quebec want to be registered, they will be warmly welcomed.

NATIONAL registration is separate and distinct from the registration of their own members for emergency service already undertaken by the Nurses' Association, British Empire Service League, and I.O.D.E., Miss Hyndman pointed out. The information collected is valuable for their own records, but does not cover as much ground as the proposed survey, and it is expected that members of these societies will register again and also assist with the canvass.

So far as is possible, work of registration will be done by voluntary help, but some money will be necessary, and it is hoped to raise this by private subscription. There is no desire to divert any money raised by women's clubs for their regular work. Members taking part in V.R.C.W. activities will be asked to give freely of their time and energy, but not of their cash. The survey will be made by provinces, cards and summaries afterward being shipped to a central office. Decentralizing the canvass will cut costs considerably.

Because of differences in local conditions, it is not likely that there will be a National Registration Week, though it is expected that each province will plan all canvassing within its boundaries for the same dates. Led by the provincial chairman, committees will be formed in city wards and in every town, village, and rural district. Clubs will volunteer so many members for canvassing or office work. Canvassers will probably attend classes to receive instruction in asking questions tactfully. For one thing, they will not ask any woman her exact age—it will be enough to put her in a certain age group, and they will not accept a woman's statement that she can't perform any of the services listed without asking a few questions about her background. It is expected that most women approached will be willing to co-operate, though if canvassers find anyone hostile to the scheme, or openly disloyal, that information too will be filed.

Before answers are transferred to cards for filing, a committee will check them. Some women might be too modest about their own achievements, others over-confident, and the opinion of someone who knew them should also be included. Stenographer members of assisting clubs will be asked to work nights typing cards, which afterward will be sent to headquarters. It is hoped that a selective filing system will be put into operation, through which it would be possible to find immediately the cards of women available in any given district for nursing, munition making, or any other kind of work listed.

FOUR DEFINITE benefits will result from national registration, the leaders believe.

1. There will be a mass of accurate information regarding the help women could give in case of war.

2. There will be a mass of accurate information regarding the contribution women can make to their country in the present economic emergency, and a new light will be thrown on the problem of unemployment among women. All this could be of great value to the Government. There has never before been a complete survey of the numbers and abilities of employable women, and out of the canvass may emerge schemes for training women for peace time occupations, as well as for war service. ☆ *Continued on page 48*

The provisional committee who worked with the preliminary organization. Across the top, from left to right: Miss Margaret Hyndman, K.C., Toronto; Miss Emily Lynch, barrister, of Windsor; Mrs. George Black, M.P., who will organize the Yukon. Below: Senator Iva Campbell Fallis and Mrs. Mitchell F. Hepburn, wife of the Ontario premier.

PREPARED for SERVICE

by ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

ONE OF these days, canvassers are going to knock at the door of every woman in Canada outside of Quebec, asking her what she is prepared to do for her country in case of a national emergency, and whether she is willing to undergo training if she is not now prepared to assist. These canvassers will be sent by the Voluntary Registration of Canadian Women, commonly known as the V.R.C.W., and will be members of about seventy-five women's clubs. Plans for this gigantic mustering of the country's woman power are nearing completion, and it is expected that whether a crisis comes or not, there will be a quickening of public spirit from coast to coast that will have a profound effect on the Dominion's future.

The organization was born in Ottawa May 1, when a provisional committee of interested women met to consider the matter of national registration. They included Margaret Hyndman, K.C., of Toronto, moving spirit of the registration scheme, Senator Cairine Wilson, Senator Iva Fallis, Mrs. George Black, M.P., Mrs. Mitchell F. Hepburn, wife of Ontario's premier, and Evelyn Lynch, Windsor barrister. From their knowledge of women and of affairs, they concluded the time was ripe for taking action, and drafted a letter inviting representatives of seventy-five organizations to meet and start the wheels turning. There was an immediate and enthusiastic response, and the task of organizing by provinces was soon under way.

Actual organization was the fruit of six months planning. First announcement of the registration scheme was made by Miss Hyndman April 20, but ever since the Munich crisis last September, she had been concerned with the problem of what women could do in a national emergency. Her interest in the question was all the more acute because she had a sister in London, who reported vividly the feeling of women there—the desperate eagerness to be of use, the lack of any channels into which the desire to serve could be directed. Miss Hyndman consulted other public-spirited women, and when they heard of the Air Raid Precaution system of registration in England, they decided that something similar should be started in Canada to prepare for pos-

"He asked you though, didn't he? Didn't he, Janey?"

"Well . . . sort of. He—he said he guessed if your collarbone was too bad to play football he supposed it was too bad to dance."

"Oh, yeah? How much would a dress cost, anyhow?"

"At least ten dollars, I think. And then there's slippers and stockings and an evening bag and . . . oh, let's not talk about it, Bill."

"Would you go if you had all those things, Janey?"

She paused in the act of adding milk to the pan's concoction. "I guess so." Then practically, "But I haven't. We can go to a movie. I'd just as soon go to a movie."

Bill rolled up the sleeves of his green sweat shirt and tied an apron over his grey corduroys. Janey wanted to go all right. He could tell. Last year they hadn't gone to any dances because he'd been playing football and didn't know much about dancing anyhow; but a few weeks ago, when Janey very offhandedly suggested they practice up on dancing this winter, he had a hunch she was planning on the high school prom. Of course she didn't know then that her dad would get out of work. Bill's smooth young forehead furrowed with concentration as he watched her set the pan over the gas flame on the big black range.

"Listen, Janey, it's almost a whole week till the dance. I think I can borrow enough to buy you a dress and some shoes. I want you to go, Janey. I want you to have a prettier dress than anybody else."

Janey's lip trembled. "Mama wouldn't let you buy me a dress. Boys can't buy clothes for girls, Bill. It isn't right."

"Why not?" he demanded. "I suppose it isn't conventional. Hooey!" His scornful tone expressed his entire contempt of conventions. "I'll bet she would if I told her it was a Christmas present."

"Don't you dare borrow money," she scolded. "You'll need your allowance for Christmas and things."

His jaw squared. "I'll get a job, then. I'm a pretty good mechanic. I overhauled dad's car last summer and he said it was a better job than they do at Lesser's. Say, maybe Bert Lesser would give me a job working after school—"

"Maybe I can get a job, too. Maybe if we both earned money—oh look!"

He looked. He saw what might in time have been candy boiling joyously over the sides of the pan to the stove. A reek of burnt sugar and scalded milk filled the kitchen as Mrs. Martin rushed in, her knitting clutched to her breast, a ball of yarn trailing her.

Janey snatched the pan from the burner and carried it to the sink. "I—I guess it's ruined, mama."

"I guess you didn't have your mind on making candy," Mrs. Martin chided. "You and Bill go into the other room and I'll make the candy."

THE NEXT morning Bill gazed speculatively upon his mother as she made hurried trips from the kitchen to the breakfast nook. She was apt to be much more sympathetic to his schemes than his father, even though, in common with all older people, she considered anybody under twenty-one a child. However, parents were something that had to be tolerated until you were twenty-one, no matter how narrow and prejudiced and unreasonable they might be at times, treating you as if you hadn't a mind of your own.

Now she said in exactly the same tone she had employed on him when he was six: "Eat your cereal while it's nice and hot, dear. And do stop dreaming. It's nearly time to leave for school, and be sure to wear your heavy coat. The paper says snow. Your father and I were at Frasers' last night for bridge. Peggy is such a sweet girl, Bill. She always asks about you. Why don't you take her to a movie occasionally? You really shouldn't confine yourself to one girl at your age—"

"I get along with Janey," he said doggedly. "Mom, could you—I mean, would you let Janey come over and help with the washing and ironing this week? You always hire somebody, don't you?"

"Janey? I don't understand, Bill."

"Well, she needs to earn some money for something special and I don't see why you can't pay her as well as anybody else."

A baffled expression crossed his mother's face. "I suppose I could," she said slowly, "but wouldn't it be rather hard work for her? She's such a child."

Imagine his mother calling Janey a child! Janey was almost as old as he and she had a lot of sense. She wasn't a bit silly like some girls. She knew plenty about chemistry and math., and she wanted him to be a lawyer. He explained tolerantly: "She always helps her own mother. She's strong and athletic. She won her letter last term in basketball. Besides, she wants to do it. She said so. I'll tell her to come over after school tonight. Jeepers, mom, she's near as big as you are!"

Just before noon, as they walked together down the crowded school corridor, he told Janey, then added: "Now if I can only get Bert Lesser to hire me—"

"Hi," called Larry Kent, passing. "Practicing up to teach kindergarten, Janey?"

She eyed Bill's tormenter coldly and urged Bill on down the hall. "Don't pay any attention to him, Bill. He's horrid. I hope you get the job, but what will your folks say? Oh, you mustn't have trouble on my account—"

"Aw, forget it. I'll let you know soon's as I get home."

However, when he stepped in the garage after school, he learned that business was very slow and Bert already had too many mechanics. "Tell you what, Bill," he said, "if you come down here from seven to eleven at night and answer the phone and help the night man, I'll give you seventy-five cents."

Bill computed swiftly. Four nights at six bits a night would be three dollars by Friday. "I'll be here, Mr. Lesser." Maybe Janey could bring her books and come along and study. It wasn't a very long walk.

Arriving home, he saw Mrs. Fraser's car in front, so let himself quietly in ☆ *Continued on page 37*

Illustrated by Ilse Shank

Bill leaped forward, skidded and sat abruptly on the floor. His fall was accompanied by the sickening sound of tearing silk.

Jeepers—JANEY

by FAN NICHOLS

BILL concluded, after a hurried peek into the living room, that this was one of the evenings when Janey's parents intended outsitting him. They *would*, just because this particular night he *had* to talk to her alone!

"How about taking a walk?" he ventured casually, looking across the dining-room table at the top of Janey's thick brown bob. "I'm all cramped up from studying so long, aren't you?"

Mrs. Martin raised mild eyes from her knitting. "Why, Bill, it's raining pitchforks outside. Besides, it's after ten o'clock. I hope you wore your slicker. Why don't you and Janey make some candy if you're through studying?"

"Candy," Janey reproved, "makes Bill's face break out."

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Martin from behind the Sunday paper. "It's natural for boys his age to have pimples, candy or no candy. He'll outgrow 'em."

"They are not pimples," Janey corrected, mortified at her father's indelicacy. "They are acidity bumps."

"I guess a couple pieces of candy wouldn't hurt any," Bill said, seeing a chance to be practically alone with her. His chair scraped backward on the worn rug as he untangled his feet from the rungs. "Come on, Janey."

She closed her book. "All right, but you only get two pieces." She started for the kitchen, Bill following, a triumphant expression on his face as he stooped a little to get through the doorway.

Janey pulled the cord on the k'tchen light, took a pan from the cupboard and went to the sugar bin, accepting Bill's hovering presence with the complacent detachment of long association.

Bill fished two orange-colored tickets from his pocket and shoved them before her startled eyes. "Look, Janey, they're for the Junior-Senior Prom next Friday night. I wanted to surprise you . . . say, what's the matter?"

Janey was staring at the tickets as if they advertised a contagious disease. "I can't go," she said, her voice sounding all choked up.

"Can't go! But Janey, you said I danced good; we've been practicing every night for weeks . . . jeepers, Janey!"

"Danced well," she corrected. "You do, Bill. It—it isn't that." She carefully measured the pan full of sugar and emptied it out again. "I—I just haven't anything to wear, that's the reason. And I can't buy a dress because daddy hasn't worked since the rains began. Nobody wants houses painted in the winter."

"Well, can't you dig up something? Can't you wear what you've got on?"

"Oh, Bill! *Dig* up something! All the girls are going to wear formals and evening slippers, and I haven't either. Maybe—maybe you'd like to take some girl who has a formal. I—I don't want you to miss the d—dance on my account."

"Of all the dopey things I ever heard!" he growled. "You act as if you weren't my girl. How did I know about formal dresses? I don't see why you can't borrow one somewhere."

"Nobody has more than one formal," she enlightened his abysmal ignorance. "Unless it's someone like Peggy Fraser. I'll bet she'd give anything to go with you."

"Yeah. She did sort of hint around about it when she saw me buying tickets."

"Then why don't you take her?" Janey now demanded in frigid tones.

Bill grabbed her shoulders and swung her around to face him. Her head came just to the bony line of his shoulders. "Janey Martin, you're geepy!"

Her smile was a bit weak. "I guess you'd better get the milk from the back porch or we'll never get this candy made."

WHEN HE returned, shutting the door on cold November rain, Janey was mixing chocolate and sugar together in the pan. He wondered unhappily why women fussed so about clothes. Janey looked swell in that tight little red sweater and brown plaid skirt she had on. In fact she looked swell in anything. Her curling shoulder-length hair was so silky and soft, and her blue eyes were so pretty. Of course he never told her these things. Sentimental stuff was a lot of hooey. Nobody went in for it any more. You could maybe think things, but you didn't ever say them. Larry Kent was the only guy in their crowd who said mushy things to girls. He was always hanging after Janey, but she didn't like him. Fresh guy. Smart alec. He'd like to take a good poke at him one of these days.

"Say, Janey," he asked in sudden suspicion, "did Larry ask you to the dance?"

"You know I don't like him. I—I told him I didn't think we'd go—"

Mrs. Grant searched the girl's distressed face. "Janey," she said, "do you always make excuses for Bill?"

Everett, dashing up the stairs, his hand still tingling from that warm clasp of his father's hand, felt an agony of relief. He was going to get away, away—

He threw the letter in on Tony. "Read that! Gee—Tony—let's do something! Let's go swimming! It's Saturday, you bookworm. Come on!"

In his own room he threw off his clothes and pulled on his bathing suit. The good cold water—the very thought of it answered some tingling need his whole body felt. Nothing less than that sudden deep plunge seemed, for the moment, so necessary.

Tony was still standing, holding the letter, when he came back. He looked up at Everett's eager impatience.

"Sure I'll come! Gee—this is swell, Eve. You run along. I've got an errand to do and I'll be right with you."

Everett was too eager, too impatient, even to think of waiting. He said, "Make it snappy," and ran down the stairs, climbing into his rattletrap roadster. He drove at a fast clip through the campus, jamming the car to a stop by the pool. In a second of time he was out of the car and running down the steps to the top of the falls. He saw Joan and half a dozen others gathered on the high rock. This was the high dive—thirty feet—into the gorge pool below. Strong swimmers like Tony and Joan did it regularly. Everett had never done it. Well, he'd show her for once. He would dive off the high rock the same as she did. After all, he could swim and dive as well as the next. But he wouldn't stop to repeat; he'd just dive in.

He caught at Joan's hand. Life was high in him. Queer—he wanted just that—the thrilling leap at that boiling water below the pool.

"Come on in, Joan! The water's fine!" he cried to her, and letting go her hand, he poised on the edge of the rock, raised his hands, and sprang out in a swift straight dive.

The others leaned forward to watch that descent, and even Joan, condescending to lean forward to look, admired with surprise that clean entry into the white water. They watched for his head to reappear. They waited. They waited; and one and all became stiffened where they stood. There seemed to be nothing else to do but just wait. But the ever-changing churning caldron of white foam was unbroken by any head. Everett did not reappear.

What happened in that little group of students gathered there, none of them could ever tell. Who first cried out, "Where is he? Why doesn't he come up?" no one knew. But of a sudden they were standing there clinging together, horrified, crying to each other, "Where is he? Where is he? What's happened?" Nor could any of them remember when they first looked at Joan, all of them, horror in their eyes, waiting for her to do something. Joan would do something.

But incredible as it was, as incredible as the fact that still Everett did not appear, was the fact that Joan just stood there, staring, staring at the water. Finally, as they all stood there, she wrung her hands together, and cried out a little. And then she said, "He's caught! He's caught under the falls! All these rains—"

Three new people came, and said, "What's the matter? What's happened?" and while they were all explaining, pointing at the water, while it was still incredible that Everett did not appear, that he was not now clinging to a rock, just out of sight somewhere—in fact, someone was running down the rocks to see—Anthony was among them; and the terrible thing that had occurred became real to them all.

He was standing there, looking at Joan, saying, "What's the matter? What's happened?" like the others; and Joan was standing looking at him, her hands pressed to her lips, horror in her eyes.

But a girl was pulling at his arm, crying at him, pointing at the water. "Your brother! He's down there! He's caught! Hurry up!" And someone else cried, "Hurry! It's been five minutes already!"

He seemed to them to take an age to understand. He was looking at Joan. Then suddenly he came all alive. He seemed to perceive Joan, her dry suit, her dry skin, for the first time. "But you haven't been in!" he said. Then with a gathering of muscles and a great spring he had dived; his body, driven by those powerful trained legs, swinging well beyond the break of those terrible swollen falls, into what was comparatively calm water.

They stood on the brink of the high rock, watching him rise, and dive again. One said in a low, considering tone, "No, it hasn't been five minutes, only two or three at the most." But they all looked furtively at Joan. It was true—she hadn't gone in. She was the best swimmer of them all.

Other swimmers were coming now, and some were clambering down the rocks to the lower pool, and they began milling about, asking each other if there wasn't something they should do. Someone said, "Ambulance," and somebody said, "Fire department—a ladder," and meanwhile Tony rose for air, and dived, and rose again, and dived.

Then he rose and came to the edge a moment, and rested, panting, looking up into the face of a boy who stood there. The boy said, "Let me"—and dived; and Anthony clung there, laboring for breath, trying to speak. He said at last, "He's right under the falls. Head down. Between rocks. The water's pushing him in. Get a pulmotor. Get help." And with a great gulp of breath he was under again.

People were crowding down now, ringing the pool with staring faces. Two of the strongest swimmers joined Anthony, and the three dived together, seeming to be working on some plan. But evidently it failed, because they clung at last, exhausted, to a ledge of rock, and consulted together, the water, pouring and thundering around them, removing them from the people on the shore as if they were in a different world.

There was the sound of a high siren, and they tried to make Anthony hear. "The fire department! They'll have a ladder!" But the three in the churning water were beyond hearing, because they dived again, and again clung exhausted to the ledge, the water pouring its relentless flood over their heads and shoulders, its weight and force and authority defeating them.

Then the fire department was there, its ladder was being lowered, and one of the swimmers with Anthony called his attention to it. He looked at the shore, seeming to sense for the first time the crowding lines of faces, the help that was at hand. He swam over with freshly strong strokes, and those around crowded to hear

"He's right under the falls, head down. His head is caught between some rocks. The water has driven him in so he's wedged. I nearly got him out, just at first. But now I'm afraid we'll just break his neck or something.

There were a dozen swimmers now in the water, and the ladder was going in. The churning water bobbed with heads and hands, and Anthony, with renewed strength, dived again and again, directing its placing, and men climbed up on it to steady it, to weight it down; and at last it stood, and Anthony and the others dived and rose for air and dived again. Was there no end? The dazed incredibility that had been upon everyone at first had given way now to frantic strain. There seemed to everyone now the greatest need for haste, and they kept saying to each other, "They must hurry! It will be too late!" because the knowledge was in all their minds that it was already too late. A whisper was going around, barely daring to be spoken: "It's been over half an hour." But someone else was authoritative. "It's been just twenty minutes."

There were police now, and an ambulance with a doctor, and hospital attendants were there with a pulmotor, their white coats giving somehow to the whole scene a look of businesslike tragedy.

And then of a sudden, as unreal as his disappearance, Everett came back. He came up on the shoulders of his brother, and many hands lifted him across to the pool's edge, and the crowd stood back. The spent swimmers crawled out here and there; and a dozen hands were lifted to help Anthony, who came out flat on his stomach, his body heaving in great gasps, while beside him the hospital attendants began working methodically on Everett.

There was silence now, and nothing seemed to move, except the relentless sheet of water that went pouring by. Above the falls police were routing traffic, and people in cars were sticking their heads out and saying, "Who is it? Who is it?" "Marbury's son." "Not Anthony Marbury?" "No—not him. His brother."

People went home, and said to their neighbors, "Have you heard? The Marbury boy. No, not Anthony. The other one." And one woman called up her friend and said, "Have you heard about Laura Marbury's boy? No, not Anthony, it was the other brother."

After a while Anthony gathered himself up, and sat, his hands hanging between his wet knees, looking at the empty face of his brother Everett. Everett was dead. They all knew it. What was the use? But even as he thought it, he cried out to the doctor, "Don't stop! I tell you, don't stop!" And the doctor said, "We aren't stopping."

It seemed an eternity, that steady artificial pulsing of the still body of his brother Everett. After a long, long while Anthony raised his head, and looked around. Eyes met his—pitying eyes, and yet more curious than pitying. He said, "Did somebody tell the folks?"

They looked at each other. Nobody had thought to tell the Marburys.

Joan spoke. She had been standing right behind Anthony. Now she touched his arm, leaning forward. Her face was white. "I'll go, Tony. Let me."

Anthony looked at her, suddenly seeing her. He shook off her arm as if not realizing that he had done it, and rose slowly, still looking at her. "No. I'll go," he said. And then, looking from Everett back to Joan, he said, in a queer dead voice, "I still don't understand, Joan. You were right here when it happened. What kept you? Why didn't you go in? He might have been saved then. Even when I went in—I almost got him." His voice broke suddenly. "I almost got him," he cried in a high choking voice, and breaking away, the crowd parting from in front of him, Anthony made his way up the steps. For a moment Joan had stood, dazed; then she too rushed by the crowd; and the eyes that had looked pityingly at Anthony followed her curiously.

Seeing the crowd, and how it made way for him, Anthony muttered to himself. He said to a policeman, "I'm Anthony Marbury," and climbed into Everett's roadster, a policeman beside him waving aside the curious crowd. He could hardly see to turn the key that Everett had not even taken from the lock. Anthony could see Everett leaving the car with that eager look in his face that he had seen last. That was half an hour ago. And in that half hour Everett had died. He, Anthony, had failed to be with his brother when he had needed him.

At his own door Anthony said to the policeman, "Wait here," and got slowly out. What time was it? His father might be at his office. His mother might be—anywhere. His feet were lead; there was lead all inside him. He pushed open his father's door, blunderingly, and stood there, swaying against the door post. His father was busy at his desk. Anthony said, "Dad—Everett's been drowned."

Continued on page 48

Critics everywhere commend the dramatic intensity of these chapters in one of the year's most brilliant novels. Here's a thrilling climax to the book

ILLUSTRATED BY
KAY AVERY

A girl was pulling at his arm, crying at him: "Your brother! He's down there! He's caught! Hurry up!"

The Other Brother

by CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

Everett Marbury, one of the two sons of the president of the college, is in love with Alison Blake. She is a student at their college but was formerly a dancer in the Folies Bergères in Paris. At the college's annual 'Frolic" Alison horrifies the president's wife and other parents by appearing in what they term "scandalous" attire."

Everett is deeply in love with Alison and at a dinner party given by his sister, Annabelle, vigorously defends her when one of the older women maligns her. This precipitates a family quarrel, in which Everett's Uncle Franklin and Aunt Margaret rally to his side. They feel sorry for Everett, who has been dominated all his life by his mother and who has something of an inferiority complex toward his athletic and self-assured brother, Tony. Everett has an introspective nature and his sensitiveness soon makes his home life unbearable. He finally leaves home to be English master at the local high school.

At the school, with the assistance of Alison, he puts on a play which wins him high praise from the school authorities. Anthony also scores a triumph, on the sports field, and when Everett begrudges him his victory in the pole vault, Alison is annoyed with him. Another student of the college, Joan Raeburn, is in love with Anthony and becomes extremely jealous of Alison when the latter tells her that Tony has asked her to marry him.

NEXT DAY a letter came for Everett from Margaret. He read it; he read it again; and then with an exclamation of amazement he sprang at his father's study door.

"Dad—look! Margaret and Franklin are going abroad for the summer, and they've asked me to go with them. Dad—think of it! They are inviting me—me! Can you believe it?"

With a queer, unstartled expression his father looked up at him. Even in his own astonishment Everett had time to perceive that lack of astonishment in his father's face. He could not know that his father had been sitting there thinking of him, visualizing for Everett and himself just that adventure that Margaret and Franklin offered. Well, what did his own plans matter? The boy would be immeasurably happier to go with Franklin and Margaret. There was a harsh rub there, but he must accept it.

"Of course you must go."

"Oh, dad—"

"Of course you must." He reached out and took his son's hand.

Saving Daylight Time

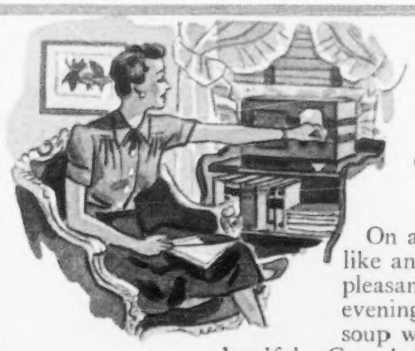
NOW that clocks have been changed and days are longer, it's time for you to change your kitchen ways. Whether or not your hour hand's been put ahead—at least you can put behind you the tedious meal-preparing that would keep you from enjoying the long daylight hours. Soup can set you free! Soup makes a delicious, nutritious hub round which to spread a meal. Its preparation is a trifle, its eating delightful—*if* its label is red and-white and says *Campbell's.*

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Morning in the garden

Sunny hours of planning and planting for the pleasure of tomorrow, and never a worry about the menus for today! Lunch can be Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup, a simple salad, crisp rolls and iced tea. The soup can cope with your gardening appetite, because it's slow-simmered and rich with chicken in every spoonful. Tender chicken meat in it, too, and nourishing white rice.

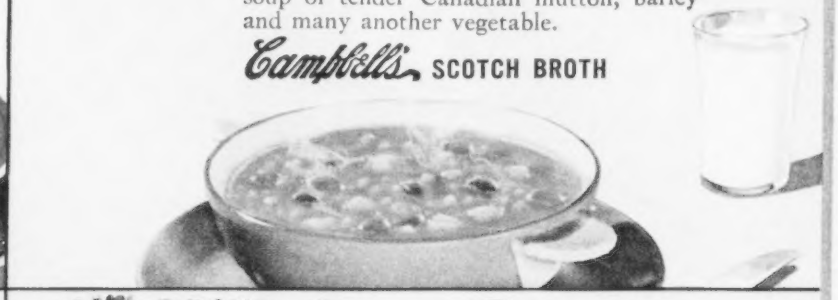
Campbell's CHICKEN with RICE SOUP



Afternoon at ease

On a day when you'd dearly like an afternoon for your own pleasant pursuits, just plan the evening meal around a hearty soup with satisfaction in every bowlful. Campbell's Scotch Broth would be an off-the-beaten-path treat. A stalwart soup of tender Canadian mutton, barley and many another vegetable.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH



Evening in the car

Meals built around soup make light work of tidying up after. Whisk a few dishes in and out of the dishpan and away you go! Ready for anything, because after a soup like Campbell's Vegetable Soup—fifteen garden vegetables in rich, vigorous beef stock—you are well and truly nourished—ready for a big evening.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Eating out-of-doors

Soon it will be time for eating out in the cool twilight of porch or terrace. Then (and warm evenings before then) the perfect starting point for dinner is a shimmering amber cup of jellied Campbell's Consommé. This is the brewed-down essence of fine Canadian beef, with a delicate savoring of celery and carrots and parsley. It has a deep flavor that vigorously arouses appetites for the good things coming. It jells in your refrigerator in four hours.

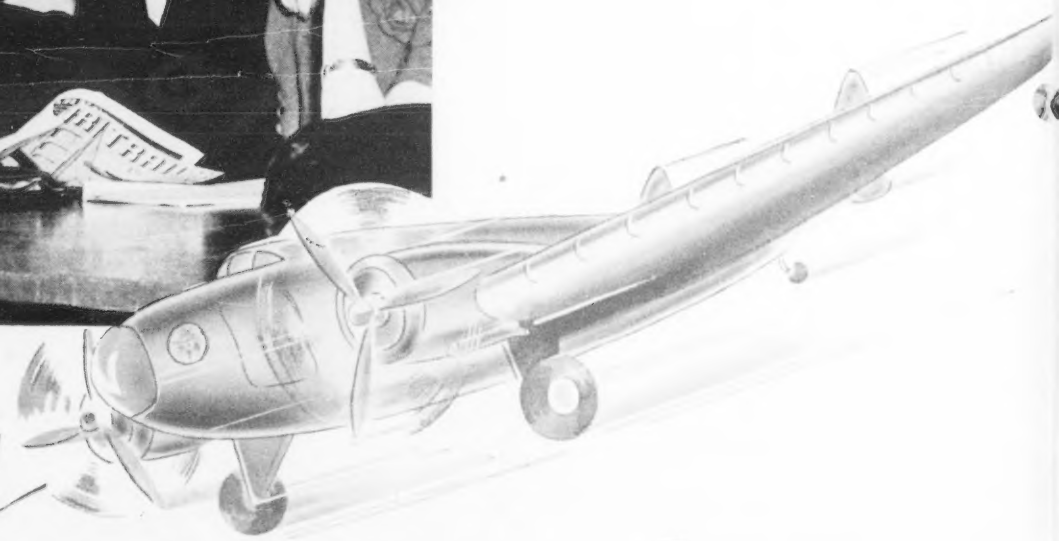
Campbell's CONSOMMÉ

21 kinds to choose from

ASPARAGUS • BEAN WITH BACON • BEEF • BOUILLON • CELERY • CHICKEN WITH RICE • CHICKEN GUMBO • CHICKEN NOODLE • CLAM CHOWDER • CONSOMMÉ • JULIENNE • MOCK TURTLE • MULLIGATAWNY • CREAM OF MUSHROOM • OX TAIL • PEA • PEPPER POT • SCOTCH BROTH • TOMATO • VEGETABLE • VEGETABLE-BEEF

Campbell's SOUPS

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



On Duty IN THE SKIES

What does an Air Stewardess do? Why was she chosen? What are the chances for other Canadian girls to find employment in the air lanes?

by JOHN ALEXANDER

WHAT tiptoeing little probationer wouldn't dream about it? To be suddenly transported from the rigid routine of a hushed white hospital corridor to a job aboard a great luxury air liner ten thousand feet above the earth! Such has been the good luck of eighteen smart young Canadian graduate nurses. And today, if you happen over to your nearest Trans-Canada airport to see one of the ten glittering Lockheeds that make up the Dominion's new passenger flight service take-off, you'll notice a smiling, efficient young woman looking after the passengers.

She's one of Canada's newly appointed Air Stewardesses (please don't call them hostesses, says the company). And if you think she's there for decoration and effect, you don't know a thing about the busy life she leads, flying through space at more than two hundred miles an hour.

Exactly what does she do, anyway? Why was she chosen from among thousands of applicants? Why a graduate nurse? What are chances of jobs for other Canadian girls who look to the new air lanes for employment?

Three of the nurses selected have been on the long-established Vancouver-Seattle run. One of them is Lucile Garner, a Regina girl, appointed T. C. A.'s Chief Stewardess. Stationed at Winnipeg, she helped oversee the six-week course through which the young brigade was put before going on duty at the end of March. Although she will have no regular route, she will do a great deal of flying all over Canada, has full charge of her staff, and will be responsible for the appearance and behavior of her personnel as well as their efficiency.

On the whole, the new feminine flying corps has had little previous experience in the air. A number had never flown until they began their course.

But they did have the basic qualities that go to make up a good air stewardess.

For instance, a graduate nurse has been trained to meet the public. She's adept at handling people and situations. She can judge character accurately and knows when to take a friendly, informal attitude, and when to leave people strictly alone. She ought to. Because the most difficult people she will encounter in the air are much like her former patients. There are always those who want to break rules . . . to follow their own devices regardless of the convenience and comfort of others . . . to be too palsy-walsy with everyone, including the stewardess.

And these are just the people who imagine that, when they bought tickets, they purchased a good-sized portion of the whole line for their own personal pleasure.

Of course, they are in the great minority. But the nurse has been trained to cope with difficulties of all sorts.

Then there is the question of children. She's learned to look after them from infancy. And some of the most ardent enthusiasts start flying almost before they hit the earth—certainly long before they have their feet under them.

It is to such tender and valuable citizens that the stewardess is ready to pay special attention.

She's equipped with a baby kit, and can supply anything from a much-needed safety pin to a special bottle formula. When running at full strength, her kit will include probably baby foods, puréed vegetables, cereals, sterilized milk, spoon, bowl, disposable diapers, powder, cream, safety pins and even a doll. She's also a great help at feeding time and can be counted on by the mother to give a hand whenever necessary.

IT IS not for her actual medical training that the nurse is chosen. While she can administer simple first-aid, she is not prepared to look after any major illness or accident. Doesn't need to be. Less than one per cent of people travelling by air get ill. It's true that gum chewing and swallowing help keep the ears clear, as in a fast elevator, for ascents and descents, particularly in the Rockies where a ceiling of 11,000 feet is maintained. But there's no real health hazard to anyone. "If he's fit to be walking around, he's fit to fly," is the dictum of most medical men on the subject. And that's that. So the stewardess's duties have to do chiefly with keeping the passengers informed, entertained and fed.

Whether the altitude's responsible, or air travel just naturally attracts the curious, every stewardess finds herself barraged with questions through the flight.

"How high are we?" "What's that down there?" "What's the weather like below?" are the favorites. That's why she learned about geography, meteorology and navigation in that six weeks course this spring. Once the motors start, the doors are locked and the plane takes off, she's the only link her passengers have with the civilization ☆ *Continued on page 47*

How to Keep That Cool Look . . .

These are Simplicity Patterns

It's no trick if you get fresh and restful-looking frocks in those air-conditioned, wiltless fabrics the summer season has to offer.

Sharkskin — or one of the non-crushable linens — would make the jumper frock, 3119, a delight to the eye and a joy to the wearer. Especially as you could make three or four of the frilliest, most feminine little blouses to wear with it, in such gaily contrasting colors as this polka-dotted red.

Or with the same pattern you could do the quaintly feminine frock beside it.

Pattern descriptions on page 26.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

To The Queen's Taste . . .

These Lovely Summer Sheers Use the Royal Colors

Regina blue is one of the soft and subtle color tones Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth chose to commemorate the Royal Visit to Canada. Here it is in a fresh and crispy dotted sheer, No. 3108, with shoes and little flowered turban in deeper tones. It's as airy and softly wind-blown as a June day, cool and easy to wear. And in 3099 a flowered crêpe carries out the cyclamen pink accents Norman Hartnell, designer to the Queen, likes so much.

Both frocks are especially designed to be smart for the matron as well as her daughter, and are obtainable up to size 42.

Pattern descriptions on page 26.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

The dresses shown on this page were designed in some of the new "Quality-Control" Rayon prints.

The age of innocence has returned to fashion in a collection of flattering summer frocks that will most certainly promote romance.

"Dresses like mother used to wear" have an irresistible charm for every man — especially frocks like No. 3116, in rayon taffeta.

The pinafore has stolen out of the nursery to change simple frocks like No. 3119 into clever two-in-one costumes.

The under dress, which may be worn without the pinafore, is attractive and gay in a bowknot print of capri blue rayon crêpe. Make the pinafore a lighter contrast in powder blue hopsacking.

A ruffle-edge fichu lends old-fashioned flattery to No. 3107. Triple sheer rayon in frosty white is a refreshing background for a vivid blue and wine flower print.

Becoming bodice drapery and a softly flared skirt give No. 3099 the magic of slender lines. Make it in sunny yellow silk linen, flecked with black and white. Pattern descriptions on page 26.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

To a Lady with a Nightmare

This is the chair that George picked out himself when you were first married . . . and it's still the darling of his heart. The arms are getting threadbare, the color is growing dingy, but to George it's the most comfortable chair in the world, and it *stays*, see!

Hope dawns when you run across a sale of smart flowered crash for only 69c a yard. "Look, George," you say, "that chair will take only about seven yards to cover it, and . . ." George pulls you away, saying he'd hate to see the slip-cover *you'd* try to make.

Then you remember that Singer gives lessons in slip-cover making down at the Singer Sewing Center. You make appointments for a couple of afternoons that week, and start in mastering the knack of pin-fitting and cutting. You'll show that smarty George!

Who said slip-covers were hard? The pieces fit together perfectly . . . your slip-cover grows . . . whee-ee! It's a success! You make wonderful plans for freshening up all your old furniture . . . it's easy on a new modern Singer electric.

"How much did it cost?" says George, pleased and amazed. "Just $4.83 for the material," you say proudly. "And just you wait! I know I can save hundreds of dollars on my clothes and home furnishings . . . with Singer to help me!"

Call your Singer Shop for daytime or evening appointments. Singer offers instruction in home decorating, in addition to its instruction course in dressmaking.

P. S. You can rent a Singer electric for only 75¢ a week, with weekly sewing instruction included. This special "rental and lesson combination" is a new Educational Service offered by Singer. Or, you can own your own Singer electric at monthly payments almost as low as rental.

SPECIAL OFFER!

Singer introduces the Self Skirt-Marker, which clamps on a door at the desired height, marks your skirt with a straight chalk line for hemming. Special introductory price, 79¢.

Singer

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

little about their own business affairs," said Janet.

Family Finances . . .

by ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

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However, if the man lives on, premiums will be sharply reduced at the end of eighteen years, when there is no danger of the twenty-year protection benefits being heavy, and at the end of twenty-seven years he will have fully paid-up life insurance of $10,000. If he continues to pay premiums until he is sixty-seven, he can mature the policy as an endowment and receive $10,000 in cash, or instead, take an annuity of $76 a month for himself or a joint survivorship annuity of $51 a month, payable for twenty years certain to himself, his wife or their heirs.

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CONTAINS SKIN-INVIGORATING VITAMIN*
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MADE IN CANADA

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No smart woman risks offending—
make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS FIRST "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—those are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will *strengthen* love—to feel that, because her husband loved her *once*, he'll love her *always!*

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"Well . . ." I said vaguely, but Janet interrupted me again.

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What are the cardinal points of an insurance plan? First of all, it should provide a "clean-up fund" in the event of the breadwinner's death, and it is usual to allow about $1,000 for funeral and medical expenses. If there is a mortgage on the house, there

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Tee to Tea in 20 minutes

How does she do it... and still satisfy 4 healthy appetites?

SWISH...gravel sounds under car wheels... the lady ends one triumph and starts another! Sparkling from a day of fun, she turns with imagination and enthusiasm to preparing the evening meal. Her smart way of planning and cooking meals makes summer a *real* vacation.

ONE SECRET of whetting the appetites of four robust people is having a balanced meal. Time stands still as she opens a can of creamy soup, cans of garden-fresh vegetables from the wide variety of canned foods she has handy. A few minutes are enough to prepare *more* foods... delicious, nourishing foods ... than could be prepared in hours by old methods.

A FEW MINUTES, and this meal is ready: tomato juice; cream of mushroom soup; pear salad; golden kernels of corn; smooth, full peas; baked beans, topped off with brown sugar, mustard and bacon; cool peaches; and iced tea or coffee. That's only one of a thousand combinations at your finger-tips. Canned foods save time, add variety, cost you little.

ARE CANNED FOODS GOOD FOR YOUR FAMILY?

YES—Due to modern, scientific methods, vitamines are conserved in *high degree* in commercially canned foods, more successfully than in foods cooked the usual way *at home.*

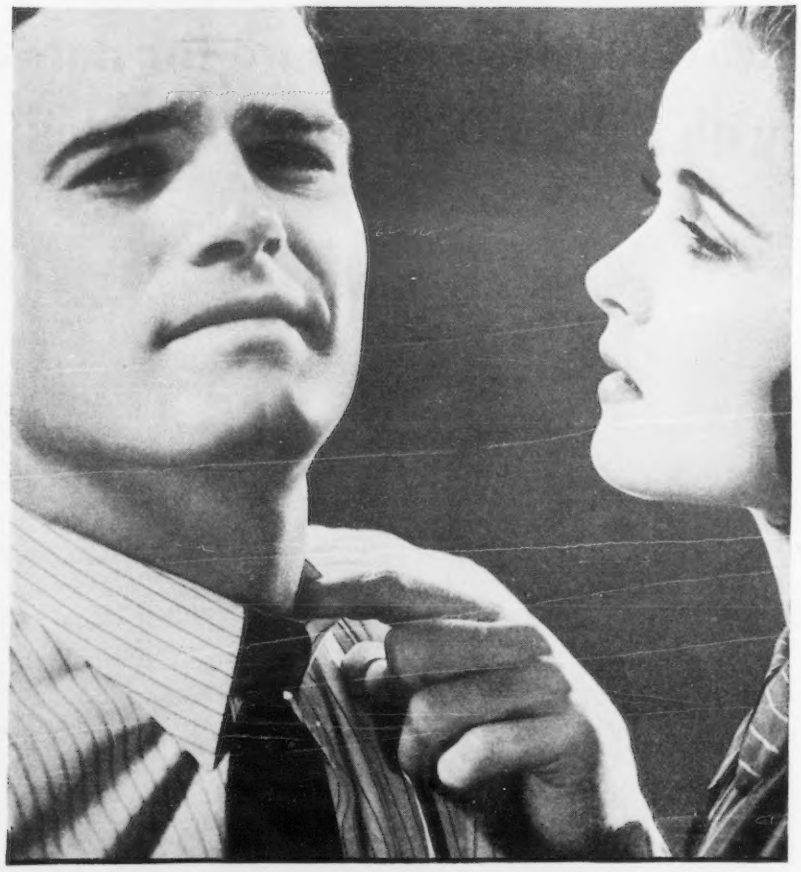
YES—Food minerals which are soluble in water and ordinarily *lost* at home when cooking water is thrown away, are *retained by the canning process.* The fresh food is *sealed* in the cans, then *seal-cooked,* locking the goodness IN.

"MOM, YOU SURE ARE A GOOD COOK!" says Junior. "I'll say!" echo the rest of the family! So ends a happy day!

There is no reason why *you* should be tied down to hours of work in the kitchen. Canned foods open the way for you to serve delicious, inviting meals economically. Keep a supply of canned foods in your pantry, and be ready to enjoy the summer.

CANCO **AMERICAN CAN COMPANY**

MONTREAL • HAMILTON • TORONTO • AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, LTD., VANCOUVER



"SORRY DEAR, BUT I TOLD YOU TO BUY YOUR SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK"

Too bad! Mr. Careless did not take the lady's advice. It's no fun when your cuffs shrink above the sleeve line and your collar starts to choke you. That's why the lady of the house buys all her wash clothes, and the children's too, with the Sanforized-Shrunk label. Because Sanforized-Shrunk is the patented process that takes the shrinkage out of fabrics once and for all . . . within a harmless 1 per cent. You'll never have any more trouble with shirts that shrink, if you buy them Sanforized-Shrunk.

THE SIZE YOU BUY IS THE SIZE THEY STAY

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WHY SO MANY WISE FOLKS HAVE CHANGED— TO

FEEN-A-MINT

The delicious Chewing Gum LAXATIVE

bilities, they should know what they are doing, not say, "I'm sure we have enough insurance, "because two or three policies had been bought.

Forming a plan is particularly valuable to the kind of people who drift along, telling themselves they have plenty of insurance, there is lots of time to think of their old age, etc. But when they see in front of them the cold facts-and-figures outline of what their present investments would provide, and realize that the number of earning years is limited, they are frequently shocked into action. Then when they look at another outline, showing what they will have to put away, starting immediately, in order to assure the most modest comfort for themselves and their families, they usually decide that more insurance is a "must" in the family budget.

Once drawn up, the insurance plan should be carefully filed with the policies and checked over once a year, as twelve months can bring many changes. A new baby may have arrived, or an older child got a job; a house may have been bought and a mortgage added to the list of liabilities; payments on a car may have been started or completed; there may have been a raise in salary or a cut, any or all making a revised program desirable. It may be possible to increase the amount of insurance carried, or if luck has been bad, taking the long-distance viewpoint may encourage sacrifice in order to keep the plan intact. Also, a yearly check-up calls attention to any loans on policies. As there is no pressure about repaying these, many borrowers practically forget that they owe anything. Yet interest keeps mounting up, and the value of policies is reduced. Altogether, spring cleaning in the financial department is well worth while. ☆

The Magnificent Lie

Continued from page 9

They argued it back and forth until midnight, by which time they were convinced that an elopement was not only necessary and inevitable but that it was the finest possible way to prove the reality of their love to their sceptical elders.

THEY WERE married on a wet May morning at the City Hall in town with one of Rid's classmates and his sister as witnesses. They had a wedding breakfast of spaghetti and varnished chicken and sour red wine and shaky laughter at an Italian table d'hôte. Afterward Ellie sent her mother a telegram—"Carl and I were married this morning. Very happy. Love to you and dad from us both." She signed herself "Ellen Ridley," and thought that her message struck just the right note of forgiving affection and dignity.

At first they lived in a small suite in a modest hotel and Rid's friends came to the fore for him. They introduced him to their bosses who, because they had nothing to offer themselves, gave him letters to other bosses who took his name and address and promised to let him know if anything turned up. Ellie never doubted that something would turn up very soon, and while she waited one of her pet dreams was of the day she would return to Eastville on her husband's arm. Rid would be wearing a new suit and she the smartest frock from one of the smartest shops, and her mother would give a party for them and the neighbors would say, "Well, I guess Ellie didn't do so badly for herself, after all."

Ellie clung to this dream long after they had moved from the hotel to a furnished room, long after they had exchanged that room for another, smaller, cheaper one, where she learned to cook breakfast on a gas plate and press Rid's trousers on the bureau top, being sure to hide her electric iron where the landlady wouldn't see it. They had long since dropped Rid's friends, for there was no margin in their budget even for Dutch-treat parties. Rid had a couple of temporary jobs, and after that there was nothing for a long time. They were a little hungry sometimes and more than a little lonely, but their love sustained them. Each morning it was new again, source of courage and of hope, every night it was their consolation and their strength.

Ellen had been working for two months as a saleswoman in a small notion shop, on the morning she fell ill. She was cooking an egg for Rid when suddenly the room spun round and she reeled and fell. The egg popped out of the pan and went skittering across the floor, leaving the yellow trail of its yolk behind it. Rid picked her up and he carried her to the bed, where she sobbed, "It was the last one, too! Oh, Rid, it was the only egg in the house!"

He held her close, and his mouth turned grim and his blue eyes old as he stroked her hair. He hadn't realized how thin she had grown, she was as light as a child in his arms and her slender arms were no bigger round than a child's.

He put her to bed and made her promise to stay there. "You've got to give up that job. I never wanted you to take it. I'll go round there this morning and tell them you're through. Anyway that City Trust proposition's going to break soon—today, maybe."

It didn't break that day or the next. Rid pawned his watch and studs and evening clothes and Ellie's graduation ring. When Ellie was well enough she went to see a doctor, whose sign she had noticed in a house down the street. The doctor informed her, with the air of a man imparting splendid news, that she was going to have a baby. He also told her that she was anaemic, that she must eat plenty of liver and rare steak and fresh vegetables and fruit. He said she must rest as much as possible and get plenty of fresh air and that, above all, she must not worry.

Ellie tried not to worry, and during the day she succeeded pretty well. But at night, after Rid was asleep, a thousand doubts and fears came creeping out of the darkness to taunt her. She saw her baby being born in the charity ward of a city hospital. She saw herself becoming like the women who crowded the porch steps and pavements of that dreary neighbor-

☆ *Continued on page 26*

Adopt the KLEENEX HABIT!
Use only KLEENEX (made of CELLUCOTTON*) for HANDKERCHIEFS!

Kleenex, made of Cellucotton, catches and holds dangerous cold germs fast. Each absorbent Kleenex tissue is used just once, then destroyed—*germs and all!* No danger of spreading germs, or irritating a tender, cold-inflamed nose, through repeated use of damp, germ-laden handkerchiefs. And Kleenex costs less to use than having handkerchiefs laundered—so you can have the added protection and comfort of Kleenex and yet actually save money!

Maybe You're Wrong

Continued from page 2

15. The first telephone in the world was used in:
    (a) Manchester? (d) Munich?
    (b) New York? (e) Brantford?
    (c) Paris?
16. Women writers have been prominent in the best-selling book world lately, but the following library list is a trifle mixed. Can you sort it out?
    (a) "Gone With the Wind," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.
    (b) "Rebecca," by Margaret Halsey.
    (c) "Listen, the Wind!" by Elizabeth Hawes.
    (d) ". . . And Tell of Time," by Margaret Mitchell.
    (e) "With Malice Toward Some" by Daphne du Maurier.
    (f) "Fashion is Spinach," by Laura Krey.
17. When an office-worker in Toronto looks at the clock and sees it is twelve noon, a Vancouver office-worker is likely to be:
    (a) going to the cafeteria for morning tea?
    (b) arriving at work?
    (c) dashing out to a three o'clock appointment?
    (d) knocking off work?

☆☆

ANSWERS

1. (b) Carole Lombard.
2. (d) Myopia is an eye ailment.
3. (e) The word "chatelaine" was originally the French name of a mistress of a chateau.
4. (c) Wellington is the capital of New Zealand.
5. (c) $4: Senator Iva Fallis, Senator Cairine Wilson, Agnes Macphail, M.P., and Mrs. George Black, M.P.
6. (d) Named after the Rev. W. A. Spooner, of Oxford University, who pulled some beauties!
7. (b) Dorothy L. Sayers is a writer of detective stories.
8. (c) The word is plenitude.
9. (a) Mazo de la Roche.
10. (d) This sentence includes the eight different pronunciations: "Though the tough and thorough cough and hiccough plough me through, my thought remains clear."
11. (d) The Royal York Hotel in Toronto is the biggest in the British Empire.
12. (b) Looks left, without a crown.
13. Fast.
14. (c) The Quints will be six next birthday.
15. (c) Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in Brantford, Ontario.
16. (a) "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
    (b) "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier.
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    (e) "With Malice Toward Some," by Margaret Halsey.
    (f) "Fashion is Spinach," by Elizabeth Hawes.
17. (b) When it's twelve noon in Toronto, it's nine a.m. in Vancouver. ☆

It's Chic to Shimmer with Jewels...

but not with Shiny Nose—

Fashion and Cupid are agreed about it

Jewels by Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin

IRIDESCENT jewels to light up your evening gown. You can scarcely shimmer and shine too much for chic at night! But let these, your own starry eyes and ready wit supply the sparkle. Not a shiny, unalluring, ill-bred nose!

Shiny nose, so often due to excess oil, may be the caution light that warns of germs. For germs tend to aggravate skin oiliness. You're wise if the face powder you use is of germ-free purity. Woodbury Facial Powder has this priceless virtue: discourages germ-growth. No wonder women praise it! Say it stays on longer than most face powders.

Seven glamorous shades. *Champagne*, sponsored by Mme. Suzy, French modiste, is for complexions of natural gold. Pink-and-white skins glow with allure under Woodbury's *Windsor Rose*. Get your shade today. Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢. Ask for Woodbury Lipstick and Rouge, too, in the popular Burgundy or Poppy shades, to complete a stunning make-up.

WOODBURY *Powder*

YOURS..NEW BEAUTY MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 504, Perth, Ontario

Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE (*For golden skin*) ☐ WINDSOR ROSE (*For pink skin*) ☐

Name _____

Address _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

Do you know your vitamins?

Even though your grocer does not label the various vitamins on the food he sells, you can be sure of getting most of them by remembering this simple rule—

Give your family a well-balanced diet including milk and other dairy products, vegetables and fruits, meats and cereals.

Milk in all its forms, vegetables and fruits are called "Protective Foods," necessary to maintain health and build resistance to disease. Because they are rich in important vitamins and mineral salts every meal should include them. More "Protective Foods" in your refrigerator may mean fewer additions to your medicine cabinet.

A day's meals for a healthy person should also include protein to build sturdy muscles—meat, fish and poultry in particular; and for energy, moderate servings of carbohydrates and fats—sugar, bread, cereals and sweet foods, butter and other fats. Every child should have a quart of milk a day, every adult a pint—as a beverage or in cooking. Regular eating habits are especially important for growing children.

The values of foods are described in the Metropolitan booklet "The Family Food Supply." It tells how to plan appetizing meals that will help keep your family healthy; what to buy and why; and how to save money on your food bills. A post card, or the coupon, will bring you a free copy.

Some sources of VITAMINS

VITAMIN A promotes growth and health generally, and is essential to skin, hair, teeth, eyes and mucous membrane, such as the lining of the respiratory and digestive systems. Found in such foods as milk, butter, eggs, liver, green and yellow vegetables, and fish liver oils.

VITAMIN B (B1) — necessary for proper functioning of digestive and nervous systems and for growth. Essential to nursing mothers. Contained in foods such as whole grains, dried peas and beans, milk, eggs, yeast, liver, kidney, leafy and other green vegetables.

VITAMIN C—essential to growth and to nursing mothers. Strengthens body tissues, especially blood vessels, teeth and bones. Present in such foods as fruits and raw vegetables, particularly citrus fruits and tomatoes.

VITAMIN D enables the body to build and repair bones and teeth; prevents rickets. Developed in the body by exposure to sunlight. Fish liver oils, salmon, egg yolk, butter, and milk enriched with Vitamin D are among the food sources.

VITAMIN G (B2)—essential to health at all ages and helpful in promoting the growth of children. A liberal supply of Vitamin G is found in foods such as milk, meats (liver, kidney, heart, lean beef, pork and lamb), leafy vegetables, fish, peas, beans, peanuts, soy beans, eggs, wheat germ, yeast, and whole grains. Nicotinic acid, a substance closely associated with Vitamin G in many foods, prevents and cures pellagra.

***Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at* THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO**

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Dept. 6-L-39
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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet "The Family Food Supply."
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NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board

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President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

hood every sunny day; pale, bedraggled, querulous creatures with a heavy-headed baby whimpering in their arms, another tugging at their skirts. She saw her baby growing up among the unwashed, underprivileged fraternity of the street, and she saw Rid's broad shoulders sagging under the weight of his responsibilities, his fine pride broken under the necessity of earning bread and butter—earning it anyhow, truck driving, ditch digging, street cleaning, anything.

Sometimes she could not bear it alone. She would move closer to Rid's side and he would wake and take her in his arms. "What's the matter, honey, can't you sleep?" And she would cling to him and run her hand over his cheek, which would be a little stubbly at that hour, and over his crisp mussed hair, taking a likeness of this face with her cold fingertips. "It's that darned radio next door," he would say. "Try not to listen to it, darling."

ONE MORNING she sounded him out. She said suddenly, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "Rid, I've been thinking: Why don't I run up to Eastville one of these days and get my fur coat and neckpiece? It's real silver fox—and the coat is mink. We could sell them for—well, quite a lot, maybe."

He looked at her with horror and unbelief. "To Eastville! Ellie, you wouldn't!"

"Just to get my furs—they're simply lying there. And I—I would like to see mum and dad and I know they'd be glad, too—I mean, I'm sure they'll feel all right about everything now."

"You'd actually *go*—let them know what a mess I've made of things!"

"They wouldn't have to know."

"Let them see that it's all worked out just as they expected it to! They'd only have to look at you to see I haven't even been able to give you enough to eat." He pulled her fiercely into his arms. "Darling, darling. I know how hard it is for you, but things can't go on this way—they can't! They told me yesterday at the City Trust that there was bound to be an opening soon. If you'll just have faith and hang on a little longer—"

She hung on as long as she dared, hung on until the faint but persistent flutter under her heart prodded her to action. It was as though her child was demanding, "What about me? Haven't I got some rights?" And so this morning she had packed her things, written her farewell note to Rid and left.

THE SQUARE, red brick house in which Ellen had been born, stood solid and foursquare in the centre of its rolled lawns. The garden chairs on the terrace had received their annual coat of paint, so had the window trim and broad front door. A gardener was clipping the hedge along the driveway, and a flutter of white behind the lattice work in the back garden told her that clothes were drying on the line.

The house was merely the comfortable, unpretentious house of a well-to-do manufacturer in the average small community. To Ellen, coming back to it after nearly a year, it was heaven in red brick and white trim. It was order and security and peace for her baby. It was three balanced meals a day and warm baths and clean linen and the folksy old family doctor who had ushered enough babies into the world to make a respectable regiment.

As she went up the front walk, Ellie squared her tired shoulders and tucked a stray lock of hair under her year-before-last hat. The sight of the house had made her acutely conscious of her own shabbiness, of the shine on her skirt that had been sponged and pressed so often on the bureau top, the dingy grey of her blouse, laundered in the washbowl and dried on the radiator, the scuffed toes of her pumps. Would her mother notice these things? "They'll only have to look at you," Rid had said, "to see that I haven't even been able to give you enough to eat." Well, they would have to know anyway, soon enough. She noticed, when she pushed the bell, that her father's car was parked before the garage. This meant that it was lunch time and that he was home. He always came home for lunch. She was glad. Glad they would both be there, that she would not have to tell her sorry tale twice.

The maid, who opened the door, stared at her with round eyes until Ellie said, "Hello, Hannah. Is mother home?"

"Why, Miss Ellie—I mean, Mrs. Ridley! I didn't know you at first. Yes, she's home and so's Mr. Henry. He just came in—"

Perhaps he had heard her voice. He came out of the library and slowly down the hall to her at the same moment she saw her mother descending the stairs. She smiled at them and said, "Hello, mummy! Hello, dad!"

"Well, Ellie!" her father said. "Well, this—this is a surprise."

And her mother, "I happened to be at the window—I wasn't certain it was you, dear—"

It was awkward, more awkward than if they had been less well bred,

☆ *Continued on page 35*

Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns on pages 18, 19, 21

No. 3119—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires: 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric for pinafore; 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric for dress. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3116—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20. Size 15 requires: 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; ¼ yard 39-inch fabric for collar; 1⅞ yards 39-inch fabric for jacket. Price 25 cents.

No. 3107—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires: 4⅝ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; 2¾ yards 4½-inch width ribbon for sash; 3¼ yards 1¼-inch width purchased pleating. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3099—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16 requires: 4 yards 35-inch fabric; 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3108—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 34 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY

fashioned FOR FUN

by CAROLYN DAMON

(Above) For sea, sand and air you'll love these lazy, longer shorts with a striped blouse and wide belt. Straw shoes add to lounging comfort.

(At right) Shining white sharkskin combines with red and blue plaid to provide one of the gayest and most colorful of playsuits. It has a delightful feeling of relaxed loveliness in its lines.

(Photograph by courtesy of Bonwit Teller, New York.)

THERE are just two things about summer holiday time that really matter. The first is what you're going to do, and the second is—why?

So while you're still plugging away at your desk or counter, or tripping the daily household rounds, let's take time off to make some important decisions about both.

What you're going to do is comparatively simple. It's a straight matter of time, money and inclination. The seashore, the mountains, the big city, or the neighborhood tennis court, may be your destination. But why you go there—and whether or not you get what you hope for out of it—is the thing that will make or break your summer, and send you back happy and refreshed, or discontented and dissatisfied.

Do you want a rest? Excitement? A rough-and-ready tumble in the wilds? A sleek and sophisticated ramble through city shopping centres and roof gardens? A romance? This is the time to decide, and to gather together the best equipment you can for the trek. And that equipment, of course, is the most becoming and smartest and rightest set of clothes you can have, and the best-looking face and figure you can present.

Let's take a quick survey of your various modes of travel, and work out a simple but satisfying wardrobe for each.

For Motor or Bus

A lightweight wool three-piecer, plaid and plain, with jacket, in your best colors. Reversible plaid wool and gabardine raincoat, new soft noncrushable acetate rayon yarn knitted dress, black or navy silk jersey dress for afternoons, comfortable sport sabots or oxfords, soft calf handbag, crochet and fabric washable gloves, printed square scarf.

For the Boat

How about zephyr twin sweaters, flannel skirt in match or contrast, in pastels? A striped topcoat with tuxedo fronts of fox, or some other soft and becoming fur. Perforated oxfords with moderate heels, short "sleeping pyjamas" that can be turned to service for play shorts, and a fishnet scarf for hair or neck. Add these to your regular clothes that are suitable.

By Rail or Airplane

It's fun being able to add sky flights to your list, isn't it? But the clothes question is important. A navy crepe dress with printed cardigan jacket will solve either the rail or airway jaunt problem. A black faille coat with a printed dress, dark gloves with contrasting palms in doeskin slip-ons, a good large leather handbag, and a striped basque robe that does for dressing, sport or lounging, will fill the bill.

Staying at a Hotel

I'd suggest a silk print dress, with stitched pleat skirt and bolero capelet, to serve a dozen purposes. A black bengaline suit with lingerie blouse will see you through a tea dance or a shopping tour. A sheer, tucked, tailored dress, in cool black or navy, will be perfect for sightseeing. A black chiffon dinner dress with lingerie trims will take you anywhere for dining and dancing. A shirred jacket blouse, white doeskin slip-on gloves, a jewelled lapel ornament and lingerie petticoat are nice accessories.

For Visiting Friends

So much will depend on whom, and where, they are, but a twin-dot bolero ensemble can be worn morning, noon and night; a morning frock, with gathered print skirt and blouse will keep you fresh and not too dressed-up looking; a jacket evening frock of lace and chiffon is perfect for summer parties at home or elsewhere, and a gypsy nightgown for after-party chatting with your hostess, lace mitts and perforated pumps are grand thoughts.

For the Beach

A shorts and shirt playsuit of printed surah, or flannel slacks and sheer striped shirt, or both. A swim suit in the style that is the most becoming to your figure; bra and panty of elastic fabric, one-pieced, if you're young or very slight; the new quarter or half skirt if you're medium, a dressmaker suit, or one of the smart, full-skirted models if you're

Continued on page 34

Nails in the New Cutex CAMEO

Alix

Beige suit over net blouse—softly tailored by Alix. With it, she suggests nails in feminine Cutex CAMEO.

Lelong

Shirtmaker glorified by Lelong—in zigzag stripes of green and white satin. He recommends nails in soft Cutex CEDARWOOD.

Lanvin

Lanvin's evening fantasy in blue net paneled from neck to hem with tiny ruching. She suggests nails in fragile Cutex CAMEO.

Four Paris Dressmakers

SPONSOR THE NEW CUTEX CAMEO AND CEDARWOOD

PARIS says you're going to look more feminine than ever this summer . . . even your slickest swimming suit will sport tiny, enchanting ruffles. And Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix agree that the newest Cutex nail shades — CAMEO and CEDARWOOD—are perfect partners for all this new femininity!

The new Cutex CAMEO is a fragile mauvy-pink . . . custom-made for summer pastels—lovely with mimosa, écru, tawny brown, mauve, every shade of blue.

The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is slightly deeper—a light rose with a tint of lavender that makes it the season's "must" with blues, fuchsia, pinks, greens, saffron, beige.

Hail the summer with a delicate petal at every finger tip! Wear the new Cutex CAMEO or CEDARWOOD—the nail tones sponsored by great Paris dressmakers to wear with their loveliest creations! Ask to see the whole range of stunning new Cutex colors.

NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, London, Paris

Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli's navy travel costume with jonquil lining and brocade frock. She recommends nails in youthful Cutex CEDARWOOD.

OTHER EXCITING NEW CUTEX SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

ORCHID: Perfect with fuchsia, mauve, blue, pink, yellow, green.

OLD ROSE: Stunning with blues, pinks, purples, yellows, brown, black.

HEATHER: For violet, wine, all the new blues—for gray, green, yellow.

LAUREL: Softly harmonizes with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels.

CLOVER: For everything except orange tones—a bright accent with black.

THISTLE: Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, all shades of green.

TULIP: Lovely with green, fuchsia, yellow, blue, the new poppy reds.

ROBIN RED: Really goes with everything. A gay partner for spring prints.

NEW CUTEX

Salon Type Polish

MADE IN CANADA

WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days more perfect wear.

that has long, flexible bristles. After brushing each strand, clean your brush on a towel to remove the dust. And by the way, when you massage, don't just rub the scalp. For effective massage (and it's a wonderful scalp conditioner for dry or sun-burned hair), begin at the nape of the neck by pressing the thumbs well into the structure at the base of the skull, work carefully around the neck to the ears, and thus arouse circulation. Then press, lift and knead in circular sweeps of the fingers and palms of the hands until the surface is pink. And you can't brush too much—dry or oily hair.

Now you're in condition from head to foot for the hoildays. Don't forget your sun oil and a little kit to tuck into your bag for quick refreshing make-up after your favorite game or sport. Get a sun visor, or the new glasses with protective shading around the eye area as well as over the eyes themselves. ☆

Character in Your Hands

NEXT TIME you're shopping or tea-partying, make a point of noting how universally well-groomed women have learned the proper care of their nails. The preparations you can buy today at the low price made possible by modern merchandising methods, have been perfected by science until a professional manicure at home is as simple as brushing your hair.

The new bases to be worn on your nails under your polish are of great help in combatting any tendency to broken nails. In addition they make your polish last much longer without any sign of chipping. They come in a clear shade, like water, or in a pale rose tint. Some women like to use them alone as they give a pale, pearly lustre to your nails.

Use one of the good nail creams at night, massaging it well into the cuticle with the downward motion of pulling a glove on the finger. If you've been neglecting your nails a bit, use the preparations which smooth and remove the cuticle every day, until you have regained the smooth oval which is so all-important to nail beauty.

In your manicure at home you'll find the new nail shampoos a delight to use. The milky shampoo comes in a neat little container with a rubber brush and sponge, and a tricky little stick fitted with rubber grooves. Using this to apply the shampoo under the nails and around the cuticle, brings the grime floating out and leaves your nails spotless. Special oils are contained in the shampoo for keeping your nails, and the cuticle soft and healthy.

Your nails, of course, should be perfectly dry and clean before applying the base and polish. Remove the old polish carefully with the special preparation, and, once a week follow your regular manicure routine. In applying the polish, start from the rim of the little half moon and brush up with even strokes—five strokes should do each nail. Be careful not to let the polish run down into the groove or cuticle at the side of the nails. Wipe the tip of the nails over the white curve immediately if you wear them that way. Some women prefer to cover the tips, especially in summer when nails are usually worn shorter. Applying the nail white under your nail is the final touch of beauty. Some experts advise leaving the nail clear of polish one night every week. Remember that scissors should never be used—and that a piece of emery board is better than a nail file. Use it gently and regularly to keep your nails as you want them. Always work from the outside up to the centre of the nail with smooth even strokes. Don't pull back. The criss-cross movement is not as good as the single sweeps toward the centre.

The new shades are lovelier than ever. This year of frills and fancies, and the "little girl" look, has increased the vogue for softer shades. New polishes are lighter and rosier with just enough mauve pink to blend with the fuchsia shades so many women are adopting. You'll find that all the nail polishes are keyed this season, to the exquisite colors that women are wearing.

With your increased possibilities for beauty in well kept and decorative nails, don't overlook the basic importance of the continual use of a good hand lotion and cream. Keep them handy to use throughout the day. Smart business girls keep a jar in their desk to use with the hard, down-town water. Their home-keeping sisters have it tucked away by the kitchen sink, in the laundry, as well as in their bathrooms for frequent use.

(Have you our bulletin "Beautiful Hands," which gives you a detailed account of what to do for your hand beauty—and how to cure white spots, red hands, thin hands, and other defects? Price 5 cents. Order Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 15.) ☆

GET OUR 5TH BIRTHDAY *Souvenir* "QUIN" TEASPOONS!

EACH SPOON ONLY 10c PLUS BLACK BANDS FROM 2 CAKES OF PALMOLIVE

These Genuine Carlton Silverplate teaspoons are offered to induce you to try Palmolive, the Dionne Quins' own beauty soap!

SURELY you'll want one or more of these lovely "Quin" teaspoons, probably a complete set . . . because they're so attractive, and of such high *quality*, too. Made by one of the world's leading silversmiths. You'll be *proud* to use these Quin teaspoons on your dining-room table!

And they're almost a gift to you . . . each spoon only 10c in coin and the black bands from just 2 cakes of Palmolive Soap!

Palmolive, you know, is the soap the adorable Dionne Quins use regularly.

Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive because it is made with *Olive Oil* and for that reason is gentler, more soothing to the tender skin of the Quins!

Why don't *you* try this gentle soap that's so pure, so mild because it is made only from Olive and Palm Oils? Buy Palmolive today and send for those lovely Quin spoons! Remember, they cannot be bought at any store. Use coupon below.

EACH QUIN SPOON IS A REGULAR FULL-SIZE TEASPOON

• *Five different spoons*—one for each Quin, with her likeness and name on the handle! Send for as many as you like! Just be sure to send 10c and the bands from 2 cakes of Palmolive for *each spoon.*

TRY THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE

Sensational Offer!

Colgate-Palmolive, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me, postpaid _____ "Quin" teaspoons. Am enclosing _____ in coin and bands from _____ cakes Palmolive Soap. (Check spoons wanted and send 10c and 2 bands for each spoon.)

Name _____ (Print name and address clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

(This offer expires Sept. 30, 1939. Good in U.S.A. and Canada only)

USE COUPON

Check here for spoons wanted

☐ Annette
☐ Cecile
☐ Emilie
☐ Marie
☐ Yvonne
Complete Set ☐

Face Up to the Sun

by ANNABELLE LEE

REMEMBER the languorous, sophisticated beach basker in her streamlined swim suit and darker-than-mahogany tan? Well, you won't be seeing her around much this year. She's passed into the limbo with those too-vivid nail polishes and piled-to-heaven coiffures. This year, it's smart to be sweet. And who, I ask you, ever achieved that dainty, oh-so-young-and-lovely look without the right kind of delicate facial texture?

Whatever you may think about the simple make-up ritual you need for "green days in forests and blue days at sea," your summer face requires more thought and care than the elaborate evening cosmetic ritual you use for winter evenings. Because the sun is a very fiend for finding flaws and careless workmanship—but offers liberal rewards in glamorous spotlighting to those who care to cater to him.

For instance, you want a natural, fresh appearance. Heavy make-up is as silly as fancy jewellery for summer holiday wear. Therefore your groundwork must be careful and your skin in good condition to really glow under the slim tracery of lipstick, faint blush of rouge and delicate touch of eye accent you'll need in the summer months. Use a cream or oil protection instead of powder, if you like.

If you want to tan and freckle, avoid roughness and overdryness by taking it in easy stages, and using a good oil and cream at nights. Begin with a good cleansing cream, morning and evening. Rub in an oily lubricating cream, going lightly and carefully around the mouth and eye areas, always with a deft, upward motion of your forefinger tips. Leave it on during the night. Finally, a toning lotion, not too astringent, dabbed on with cotton before you go out, will brace the tissues and close the pores.

ON THE other hand, if your skin is sluggish and too oily, use a light cream or good soap for thorough cleansing, a light tissue cream overnight and a good astringent tonic or ice rub afterward. You can get a special foundation cream that will correct the shiny appearance and refine the texture. A good hand lotion and bleaching cream, with ten minutes rubbing morning and night, will get your fingertips in shape for that pale-pink look they should have this year. Colorless iodine will bleach under the nails and a soft oil keep the cuticles soft. Use a delicate polish.

As your skin gets darker from the sun, darken your powder, but don't go in for that cocoa effect of olden days. A creamy pink powder underneath and dusting of light rachel will give fascinating shadows to your contours. Let your freckles appear with a little darker powder in those areas than usual, and a pointing up with rouge, and they'll be becoming. Just a slight trace of eye shadow to match your eyes, and a clear rouge in the color of your skin tones, with lipstick a clear rather than vivid shade, puts you in the mood of the day.

Sky blue pink and primeur are some of the new shades in make-up—so you can see how delicate and feminine they are. Don't forget to make up your neck and throat consistently with your face. If you're wearing white you can be a bit brighter as to tones, and for greys and blacks get deeper tints. Remember that a wide black or dark-colored sheer hat will cast shadows on your face, so lighten your make-up. If you're wearing natural- or wheat-colored or yellow play clothes, guard against shallowness. Paste rouge, carefully blended, and the lighter powder under your rachel will take away any tendency to a pinched or washed-out look.

BEFORE YOU have that permanent for the summer (a definite must), do a little careful looking-after of your hair. Brush the dust out quickly each evening. If it needs oil, heat a small amount, part the hair at half-inch intervals, hold down with a comb, and with a small piece of absorbent cotton rub the oil into the scalp. Try this once or twice weekly. Rub the hair on each side of the part with a turkish cloth or towel to remove excessive moisture before you go to bed. To cleanse of too much oil, on the other hand, take an extra ten minutes morning and night to brush the hair upward with a brush

THERE'S no mystery about a snapshot like this. They could just as easily be your children. You could take it. But yes . . . there'd be one difference. You'd value it a thousand times more.

Later on, you'll never forgive yourself if you haven't lots of snapshots of the children. Start taking them now. Load your camera with Kodak Film and go out and snap the youngsters as they play. If they're in the midst of some exciting adventure, keep on snapping. As the days go by, with dependable film, your snapshots will grow better and better. Almost before you know it, you'll have some with the sparkling life and naturalness of really great snapshots.

But play safe. Use the film you can depend on every time—Kodak Verichrome Film.

In Canada KODAK is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Accept nothing but the film with the trade mark KODAK on the box

MADE IN CANADA

Why VERICHROME Film?

There is a type of Kodak Film for every picture-taking purpose, from the kind on which most Hollywood movies are made, to the little roll of film that loads a Brownie camera.

If you're an amateur, using an average camera, Kodak Verichrome Film will give you best results day in and day out. It takes care of reasonable exposure errors. It performs brilliantly even when the weather isn't just right. It makes any camera a better camera. Call for "Verichrome Film" by name.

The great snapshots are made on KODAK FILM

1 Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.

2 My days of experimenting are over—Kotex Sanitary Napkins are made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check that striking through in one spot. I don't worry about shifting, pulling or chafing with Kotex!

3 Then I found out about Kotex Sanitary Napkins and the patented pressed ends that fit flatly — now I'm free to go about my normal life without discomfort or embarrassment. No more blunt, bulky ends for me!

Only Kotex has 3 types . .

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

Better Say Kotex — Better for You

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg.)

FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

MANY DAINTY little brides will go to the altar this summer in a "little girl" wedding gown. This type of dress has a quaint, naive look, generally accentuated by means of huge puffed sleeves which taper to the wrist, squared or sweetheart neckline, and waist as slim as possible.

Saw a lovely bridal gown of white mousseline de soie, with baby val lace inserted every so often in the billowy skirt. Simply yards and yards of skirt, swirling into a train.

Pale blue and a very pale lilac shade are two popular colors for the bridal attendants to wear.

And while many will wear matching turbans with floating scarves, as many more will carry out the "little girl" theme with demure baby bonnets.

A "piqué" wedding ensemble I saw brought cheers from my very heart. The bridal dress was white, in princess style, and the same pattern was used in the bridesmaids' frocks, which were in palest yellow, pink, blue and lilac. The group looked like an old-fashioned bouquet.

Dark silk suits, brightened up with frilly white or pastel blouses, are foremost among the going-away styles. And how very practical they are, too—a joy no matter how long or short the honeymoon will be.

Oh, do try to include a sheer wool dress in your trousseau; for sheer wool, we find, is delightfully cool, and of course you know it stands up so well under constant wearing.

☆☆

—White piqué is again a fashion favorite. For late spring it will show its crisp freshness as trimming for navy and black dresses, and "extra" jackets and boleros for daytime and evening wear. Many of the cuter spring and summer dance dresses will also be made of this demure cotton.

☆☆

—If you are all set for a big summer, become a little "Snow White," for white is slated again for tailored-suit popularity as well as for evening gowns.

☆☆

—Boleros for all hours of the day—be you togged up in sports wear, for the tea hour, or to dawdle the hours away until dawn at a gay party. A new bolero idea looks like a little boy's Eton jacket cut short!

☆☆

—So much frippery! Blouses with lace frills, hats with starched lace brims, slithery-looking black dresses with huge revers of white lace, lace evening dresses . . . oh, we've gone in for lace in a big way for the finer days and nights. So, when in doubt, add lace!

☆☆

—The "skirt and blouse" theme continues to charm us every way we turn. Many of the skirts affect the high waistband which, thank goodness, does away with that "gape" which has spoiled the appearance of many the otherwise smart outfit. White lingerie blouses with very wide pleated skirts in sheer wool or crepe are a dainty early summer style.

☆☆

—Tortoise shell combs and clips are the newest hair ornaments in Paris. And this pale blond shade, in fabric, is being advanced as THE summer color for ash blondes as well as women with snow white hair! But oh, watch

☆ *Continued on page 34*

A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; it allows no odor to form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Month's supply 40¢. Introductory package 25¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse".

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Mail this coupon NOW for trial Package

Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited,
150 Duchess Street, Toronto, Ontario

Please send me introductory package of 3 Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 10c (coin) to cover cost of handling.

Name

Address

TP919C

The Magnificent Lie

Continued from page 26

less reticent and polite, less determined to avoid a scene.

"Come in and take off your things. Did you just come? From town, I mean?"

"Yes, I took the ten-fifteen. How are you? You're both looking grand." But older, graver, her father less plump, more grey in her mother's hair and the shadow of the wrong she had done them plain in their eyes. "And what a day! I couldn't have picked a lovelier one to come, could I?"

This had brought them all into the living room. Her father reached behind him and closed the door leading into the hall. "Unless you'd picked one a lot sooner," he said.

She tried to laugh that off, took off her coat and hat. She looked round the room so long forgotten, so achingly familiar. She saw the sun pouring through the ruffled curtains and the bowl of jonquils on the piano. There was Great-aunt Sue over the mantel, looking as indomitable as ever, and the magazines spread fanwise on the table, and the books crowding the shelves, and the sound of the gardener's clippers coming faint from the garden.

"My, it — it's nice to — to — be home," she said.

She caught at the back of the sofa to steady herself, for one brief, black moment she could see nothing, hear nothing. Then her mother's arms were around her and they were both crying, and her father was scolding them gruffly and making them sit down on the sofa and crowding in beside them.

"I didn't mean to be so sappy but—oh, darlings, I'm so glad to see you—I didn't know how—I never meant to hurt you!"

"It's all over now, all past and gone, dear. You're back, that's all that matters."

"You bet that's all that matters. We sure have missed you, Pussy."

That made her sob the more bitterly and her mother said, "Don't, precious, don't. Dry your eyes now and we'll have some lunch—or would you like to go to your room and fix up a bit first? You'll find everything exactly as you left it, dear. We—we thought you might be coming home some day and so we left everything just as it was."

They had left everything just as it was because they had known she would be coming home some day. She didn't have to tell them anything because they had known her marriage would be a failure, that Rid would never be able to support her.

Her mother was saying, "We want you to feel that this is still your home, dear—yours as long as you want to stay."

Which was just what Ellie had known she would say, wanted her to say. But the kindly words had the oddest effect on her. It was as though she had been in a coma and someone had held a bottle of smelling salts under her nose. Her head jerked up, she gave a startled glance around the room. "Oh, but I can't *stay*," she said. "You're sweet to feel that way, but of course I can't stay. I just ran up to—to get my furs—and to see you, of course. I told Rid I had to—I told him I couldn't bear it any longer and he said he didn't blame me. We both

No, it isn't a dream. It *can* be love in bloom! Keep your skin active, invigorated for the beauty that will thrill him.

Adorable Beauty comes with sleep if your skin stays *wide awake!*

Leave on a thin film of this skin-invigorating cream to help your skin stay active through the night.

ONLY if your skin stays active night and day, can it keep its loveliness undimmed. To stay awake, constantly working, it needs the help of Woodbury Cold Cream.

In addition to fragrant softening and lubricating oils, Woodbury now contains an important Vitamin which eminent scientists say has an arousing effect upon the skin's vitality. Woodbury contains this Vitamin in just the exact amount prescribed for best results.

Like other clever women, leave on a thin film of this energy-quickening cream at night to help rouse your skin to stay active.

Woodbury also helps cleanse, clear, tone, lubricate the skin and overcome dryness. Its germ-free purity protects. No wonder women find it indispensable! Get it at any beauty counter for only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

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YOURS . . . NEW BEAUTY MAKE-UP KIT

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Please send me *new* Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE (*For golden skin*) ☐ WINDSOR ROSE (*For pink skin*) ☐

Name

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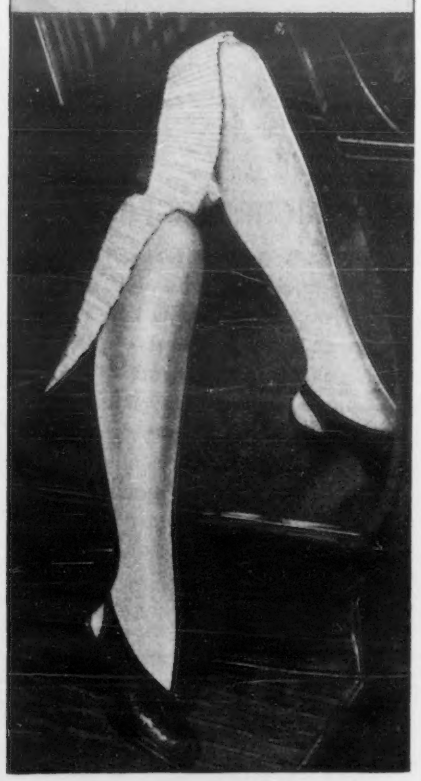
(MADE IN CANADA)

MAN'S-EYE *View!*



UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Easy Way!

Everywhere you go, this year, your legs are sure to show! With the new, knee-length skirts, you *must* keep your legs alluring . . . smooth . . . and *free from hair.* Remove ugly hair as millions of women do—the easy and convenient NEET way.

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair . . . then rinse it off with water. That's *all* you do. Gently, NEET removes hair from your legs—and forearms, too. NEET leaves your skin smooth as satin, and petal-soft.

NEET *leaves your legs like velvet*

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp, wiry hair stubs to snag your stockings . . . no scraped or roughened skin . . . and no danger of cuts when you use NEET. For *lovely arms and legs,* with *no unsightly hair,* get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all 15-cent counters.

NEET **Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair**

Fashion Shorts

Continued from page 32

your make-up with this shade. Deepen your cosmetic tones, or you'll look "washed out."

☆☆

—If you are very young, or look that young, you'll love the new fad for plaid and checked taffeta jumpers, with long-sleeved blouses in contrasting solid color. And those mid-Victorian fitted jackets, like Grandma used to wear, are back again, particularly to be worn with flared taffeta skirts in plaids or stripes and a huge bow of the same taffeta at the neck of the jacket.

☆☆

—Now the burning question: "Shall I tan, or not, this summer?" Whichever you decide to do, you'll have plenty of aid from our modern beauty helps. If brown you must be, don't do it all at once. If lily white is your choice, lavish use of cold cream will keep you that way. Keep your rouge and lipstick up to date with your complexion, and remember that the smarter women prefer matching their nail polish with their lipstick. (Although it's fun, sometimes, to do otherwise!)

☆☆

—While the vogue for peasant hankies, tied under the chin, continues as a headgear fancy, Paris and New York are more and more leaning to gaily colored plaid scarves, ranging from wools to cotton, which you drape on your head turban-wise, letting the long ends flutter in the wind as they may. When not worn as turbans, these selfsame scarves are carelessly knotted around the neck, or swathed at the waistline.

☆☆

—Have you any of those old-fashioned "sunburst" brooches tucked away? If so, get them out. For, suddenly, everyone is hurrying around trying to locate Aunt Emma's ancient sunburst! Don't ask me why, but this one-time famous piece of jewellery has become a vogue overnight—particularly if it is set in diamonds.

☆☆

—Are your skirts seventeen inches from the ground? Sorry, but that's the official length! However, women who dress well insist on their skirts being a flattering length, so don't worry if yours are a couple of inches longer than Paris decrees.

☆☆

—Skirts are, on the whole, fuller—except in tailored effects when they are pretty well sausage tight.

☆☆

—By the way, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are sporting sorrel red coats for cool days during the late English spring.

☆☆

—Pastel blue, as a trimming color for black, is cutting quite a dash. And if you happen to have a black dress and a black hat that need rejuvenation, top the dress with a pale blue jacket and tack on a pale blue veil (or flowers) on the hat. But be sure the two blues are the same shade. ☆

She is a *different* woman..

She had been almost in despair. Her figure defects seemed too serious for an ordinary corset to correct. And she could not afford a custom-made garment.

But, when the Charis Corsetiere visited her, she learned that there *is* a really satisfactory controlling garment, especially designed for the woman with a difficult figure problem. The patented, adjustable features of Charis have corrected her figure defects—in fact, have changed her whole appearance.

You will be a different woman, too, in appearance and comfort, in a Charis adjustable foundation. Call or write your local Charis Establishment and learn how Charis Personalized Corsetry will give you the complete satisfaction of custom corsetry—without the custom-made cost.

Through the local Charis Establishment, you can obtain the personal advice and service of an experienced corsetiere—without extra charge. But first, *send today* for free, illustrated literature describing the whole plan of Charis Home Corsetry. Use the coupon below.

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Fashioned for Fun

Continued from page 29

more matronly, or very long-legged or fuller of figure.

A raffia visor and handbag, or a striped linen beach bag and hat will give you a kinship with the permanent mermaids of the shoreline, even if your stay is short.

SOME PRETTY important points to remember, generally, are:

Watch Your Ensemble

From play togs to evening gown, you can get a group of clothes that fit together and are attuned to the same accessories. Afternoon pumps can be made to do evening duty. A beach coat can turn into a smart dinner wrap. A little white piqué jacket, fresh for morning shopping, can become a perfect complement to your starched party frock. And two or three sets of belts, bags, gloves and hankies will point up those important black and white outfits no end. What with white and black so very good this year, you can be smart and well groomed with a minimum of trouble. Black or navy sheers with easily washable lingerie touches, or crisp whites in those more and more important noncrushable cottons and linens, with gay accessories, will solve most of your travel problems.

Watch Your Fashions

Even for the most strenuous sport fan, femininity is the thing this year. Your bathing suit must look ladylike, unless you're doing a Channel stretch. Then you can wear an oil smear. Your badminton or tennis shorts should be fuller and longer, or you can wear one of the above-knee skirts, which also serves as a grand costume for cycling, or just trotting around such resorts as one can in informal attire. Sport blouses and slacks are softer and more feminine than ever before, with tucks, pleatings and drapings. Sport jackets are longer, less mannish and more subtly blended in those smart mixed-up suits. Colors for sweaters, blouses, and jumbled skirt and jacket outfits are less startling, more cleverly color-mated.

Watch Your Shoes

Open perforated shoes with comfortable heels are the only thing for most of your jaunts. Those, or sabots, or easy-going sandals. Save your high-heeled pumps and slippers for the dinner and dance floor.

As to Your Face and Figure

Elaborate make-up is a nuisance and a trial for holiday time. Get your skin and figure into condition now—do a bit of dieting and have that nice, slender, ready-for-anything feeling before you leave. Take a good tonic, and tone your skin up with massage oil, astringent and protective cream, so you can get the maximum of glowing loveliness with the minimum of care, while you're having fun. Good clear red and cream, or pink and white, tones in make-up are best for summer clothes and holiday backgrounds. Little refreshing kits for quick new make-ups in the course of a busy day are an unfailing boon.

☆☆

too. "You see, I want to take that two something train back to town. I want to be there when Rid comes home." So that she could destroy that note before he found it.

"But, Ellie! So soon—"

"I know, darling, but I've got to go—" Then, suddenly she remembered the seven cents in her purse. That was a dreadful moment, the worst of all. She rolled her wet handkerchief into a ball between her palms but her smile was bright, her voice light and easy. "Oh, I just happened to think, I barged off this morning without a cent in my purse—I mean, I forgot to ask Rid for some money and when I got to the station I found I only had enough for a one-way ticket, but I thought I'd come on just the same. I thought maybe you'd lend me a couple of bucks—"

"Why, of—of course, dear—"

Her father heaved himself abruptly to his feet. "Well, well, the same old Ellie, aren't you? Forget your head if it wasn't fastened on, wouldn't you? But, look here, Pussy, it seems to me you ought to be with your mother—time like this, you know. What's the matter with you and Rid coming out here with us until our grandson arrives, anyway? That baby's about as important to us as it is to you, and if Rid hasn't found anything that really suits him in town, yet, why I could use him at the office. One of my best men walked out on me the other day and I've been looking around. Rid's just the boy for that job. Of course, I can't offer him what he could get in the city, but maybe, considering the baby coming and all—"

"I could take that big bed out of your room," her mother said eagerly, "and put two small ones in and we could turn that little dressing room off it into a nursery. Darling, you must come—I'd worry myself sick with you so far away from us."

"Running around to all those parties and things," her father said. "I bet Rid'll feel the same way about it when you put it up to him. You just tell him frankly that I can't start him at more than thirty-five a week. I know he's worth more—all that experience he's had in town—still you'll be saving on your rent and board—"

"And smokes," her mother said, laughing. "Rid can help your father smoke up those cigars people are always giving him."

Thirty-five a week. Board, rent, cigars. A home. They had called him "Rid" and their voices, their eyes, held nothing but affection and eagerness. They had noticed nothing, doubted nothing, so well had she played her part. But she must continue to play it well and now it was desperately hard, so weakening, so overwhelming was her relief and joy.

She swallowed hard, one hand at her throat to force down the lump. "I don't know what to say—you're both such lambs to want us. And as far as I'm concerned, I'd adore it. I mean, the city's fun but it's no place for a baby, is it? And to be here—home—and Rid loved it here, too, and I'm sure he'd make good—I mean, I'm sure he wouldn't mind working for thirty-five a week—for the baby's sake."

HER FATHER drove her down to the station in time to catch the two-twenty back to town. Her mother insisted on coming along. So Ellie had no opportunity to collect the suitcase she had checked in the station. Not that it mattered, when she'd be coming back so soon. When she waved at them from the train platform, she looked almost like their old Ellie, quite gay and pretty, with a little color in her cheeks. "Good-by, darlings! Be seeing you soon!"

"Well," Mrs. Henry sobbed when they were back in the car again, "she ate a good lunch anyway, but oh, Tom, I thought I couldn't bear it at first—so thin, so shabby and ill—"

"There, there, she's going to be all right now—and so are we. We don't have to worry about that girl any more, she's got the right stuff in her and I guess Rid has, too. He must be a pretty good sort, after all, for a woman to love him that much—and lie for him like that," he said. ☆

Jeepers, Janey

Continued from page 13

the back way. From the basement came the brrring sound of the washing machine and he decided to go down and help Janey. Before he reached the stairway he heard Mrs. Fraser say:

"Really, Alice, I don't blame you for being worried. Goodness, they're the talk of the school, Peggy says. Together day and night. It isn't natural at their age. You never know . . . I wonder what Janey Martin's mother is thinking of! If it were Peggy now—"

A book crashed from Bill's fingers to the floor.

"Bill?" called his mother. "Is that you, Bill? Come in here a minute."

He tramped heavily into the wide fire-lit drawing-room and glared at Peggy, sitting daintily beside her mother on the davenport, a smug look on her silly pussycat face. His mother reached up and patted his arm. "Hello, dear. Aren't you late? Peggy's just been telling me there's to be a very special dance at the high school this Friday."

"I know it," he said with unmistakable belligerence. "I'm taking Janey."

Peggy smiled sweetly. "The affair is formal, you know."

"Certainly I know. Janey's got a swell new dress to wear and"—he plunged recklessly—"shoes to match and everything!"

"How nice," murmured Peggy. "I'm going with Larry Kent. I'm so glad Janey is having a new dress. Is she earning it? She *is* doing your mother's laundry, isn't she?"

"I asked her to, as a special favor," Bill asserted, hoping his mother would just this once understand and back him up. "I'm gonna go and help her."

Fleeing precipitately from female eyes, he tripped over the kitchen mop on the basement stairway and landed with a crash at Janey's side.

Two hours later, the washing hung on the lines, he brought Janey up into the kitchen. The Frasers had gone and his mother was beating eggs in a big yellow mixing bowl. Bill noted with

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE

In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the **21st Earl of Erroll,** has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"

English and Canadian Sportswomen

CREAM

Extra Skin-Vitamin

INTO THEIR SKIN*

In Canada, Mrs. Robert Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. "'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"

Montreal, The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late **Lord Shaughnessy.** With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.

In England and in Canada, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the *new* skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

**Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method*

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabrics.

39¢ a jar

Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

The sporting thing to do . . .

"Well shod is half the battle" in any sport—and Meltonian is your best ally this Summer. Sports shoes of canvas or buckskin respond quickly to these easy-to-use English cleaners — Meltonian Liquid White (25 cents) and Meltonian White (cake) Cleaner (15 cents). For afternoon and evening shoes of white kid, naturally you'll choose the famous Meltonian White Kid Cleaner (25 cents).

Use MELTONIAN
LIQUID WHITE

BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V

know what a dreadful thing—running off like that, but you see, we were so terribly in love and I guess people in love like that aren't responsible and I knew it would be all right—I mean, I was sure if you just *knew* Rid, you'd love him, too. You couldn't help it—he's so fine—so marvellous. He'd have come with me today only he—he simply couldn't get away, but he sent his love and told me to ask you to forgive him—"

She saw them look at each other and then at her, a look puzzled, intent, not quite convinced. Her father said, "Well, that's too bad—that he couldn't have come along. Er—what's he doing these days?"

What was Rid doing these days? Climbing the stairs of employment agencies, sitting in some outer office trying to look confident or indifferent, trying to look like a young man who didn't particularly need a job, because if you showed you needed it too badly there wasn't a chance for you. "Oh, he's—well, as a matter of fact, he's not doing anything much right now—nothing he considers really permanent, but he's having an important interview—today, I think it is—with the—well, some high up person at the City Trust Company—he had a temporary job there for a while and they were crazy about him."

Her mother gave a little cough. "Are you and Rid keeping house, dear?"

"Yes, we like it better than living in a hotel—we tried that for a while, but—well, we both like having a home of our own. We only have a small place but, you know, there's so much going on all the time in the city, it's silly to burden yourself with a great big place. Like some friends of ours—they have an immense duplex and it's a perfect nuisance—I mean they're always having servant trouble—things like that. Rid and I'd rather be independent. I mean, when we feel like going anywhere, why, we can just pick up and leave—"

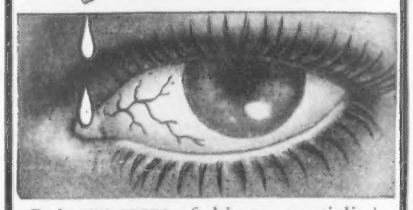
Provided they had paid their room rent in advance. The thought made her laugh, which helped make her story sound more credible. The story of life as she and Rid had once dreamed of living it; a round of theatres and parties, concerts and dances—"That's why I'm thin, I guess—I guess you've noticed. Rid says I dance myself thin—" she stopped and laughed again. "But then, I'm going to have a baby, too, maybe that has something to do with it."

"Ellie! A—baby! When?"

"Well, what do you know about that!" her father said. "And when's all this happening? When am I going to be a grandpa?"

"Oh, some time in September." Some time, somewhere, what did it matter? Other babies had been born in charity wards and reared in poverty and survived. Pretty important men, too. It was Rid's baby, too, and a father had some rights. The baby might as well know that from the start. "Look, mother darling, I want to take my fur coat back with me—and my silver fox. I—I want to have the coat altered—it'll be much too long now." But a pawnbroker didn't look at the length of a coat, he looked at the fur and her coat was genuine mink. He'd give them something on the silver fox,

Clear, Soothe TIRED EYES*



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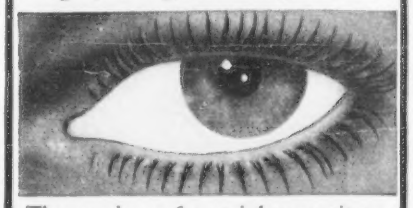

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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USE EYE-GENE

NO DULL, DRAB HAIR

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4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.

5 rinses 35¢ at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at 10¢ stores.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

LOVALON

the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

FOR Free BOOKLET

Write—The Stillman Co. 64 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Ont., Can., Dept. 390

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 69¢

It was past twelve when his parents arrived home. He heard his mother coming up the stairs; heard her stop outside his door. She knocked.

"Bill, are you awake?'

"Yes, mom," he said, flopping over on his back.

"I saw your light was on," she said. She came in and sat on the side of his bed, looking down at his troubled face and defiant eyes. "What's troubling you, Bill? Would you like to tell me about it? I'll try to understand."

She smelled like snow mixed with lilac blossoms, he thought. The soft cold fur of her coat brushed his hot cheek as she bent over him, smoothing his hair. "Mom," he asked hesitantly, "why is it so wrong for a fellow to want to buy things for his girl?"

"It isn't," she smiled. "It's very natural. Your father gave me a beautiful gold watch on my eighteenth birthday."

Encouraged, he poured his tale of woe into her receptive ears, finishing: "Mom, if it wasn't for Janey, I'd flunk chemistry and English, and I wouldn't care so much about being a lawyer. She—she inspires me—"

For a long time his mother remained silent. At last she said gently, "Janey's mother is right, Bill. You see, social conventions are established over a long period of time and they aren't easily flouted. Probably one of the oldest taboos of respectable society is the one about a man buying clothes for a girl. We don't always sympathize with laws and taboos, Bill, but if we don't abide by them we suffer. I'll tell you what we can do, though. I have a lovely new dress that will fit Janey with only a little altering. You bring Janey over here tomorrow evening and I'll help her get ready for the party."

"Oh, gee, will you, mom? That'd be swell. I didn't think you liked Janey very much."

"Of course I do," she said, relief in her voice. "I've been wondering all week why you wantd money so much."

BILL STOOD at the foot of the stairway, waiting for Janey and his mother to come down. It was eight-thirty; time for the dance to start.

Hearing steps, he looked upward. He blinked. He emitted a long soft whistle. "Janey," he acknowledged solemnly, "you look just like a girl in a cigarette ad!"

Janey held up her rustling green taffeta skirt with hands that trembled a little, and came carefully down the steps, her descending feet dainty in green satin slippers and sheer silken hose. Above the billowing skirt the bodice snugged tightly, branching out over her shoulders into big puffed sleeves. Bill saw that his mother had powdered Janey's face and put rouge on her cheeks and lips; but not too much. Janey looked beautiful.

In the hallway she pirouetted before him, coquetry flashing momentarily in her eyes. He felt a little uneasy. Then his mother joined them and fitted her long black velvet wrap with two gardenias pinned on it over Janey's shoulders.

Bill, bursting with emotion, grabbed his mother and kissed her cheek. "Gee, mom, you're swell," he said.

On the way out to the car he offered: "I guess Peggy won't have anything much to say when she sees *you*."

Janey gathered up the folds of her skirt to keep them from touching the floor of the car. "It's such a lovely dress," she said wistfully. "I'm going to be very careful of it, and Bill . . . Daddy promised me he wouldn't say anything to your folks because your mother is so sweet. I'm so happy, Bill!"

The square floor of the high school gymnasium was already crowded when they made their entrance. The swing band from the hotel sat beneath the basketball net at the farther end, and paper streamers formed webs of color above their heads. Bill, made dress conscious during the week, noted with satisfaction that Janey's dress was the prettiest in the room, including Peggy's.

The band began to play. Janey tugged at his arm, pulling him into the midst of gyrating couples. Although at first his pleasure was somewhat marred by stepping on assorted feet, Janey's among them, he was reassured by her whispering: "Isn't it awful the way they push you?"

The trouble began just as they circled the floor the second time. Began with a tap on the shoulder and a polite command: "Cut in, please?" Bill relinquished Janey, stood frowning as she danced off eyeing him regretfully, then wedged through prancing bodies after her, hand lifted to tap. Yet before he reached Janey someone else cut in and swung her adeptly out of his reach. Finally, after blundering twice up and down the floor trying to catch her, he gave up and joined the stag line. It seemed that every fellow there had entered into a conspiracy to keep her away from him, he reflected sourly. At first she made little waving gestures to indicate her helplessness, but after awhile she stopped. Bill was miserable.

In the few minutes between dance numbers they managed to get together: Janey glowing, Bill glowering. "I can't help it," she gasped breathlessly. "Oh, don't be cross, Bill. Dance with some of the other girls—"

"Never mind me," he said stiffly. "Go ahead and have fun. I don't care. I don't like to dance anyhow."

"You are cross," she said, peering anxiously up into his face. "I'll go home if you want to."

"Nuts. Let's start out and see how many yards I can hold you before I get tackled!"

He made about ten. With a shrug he turned and wandered out into the hall. High heels clicked behind him. Peggy Fraser took his arm. "You look lonesome, Billy. Come on back and dance with me. I've been looking for you—"

He followed her tugging hands and gingerly steered her onto the floor. His bleak eyes watched for Janey. Peggy murmured, "Janey's quite the belle of the evening in that dress, isn't she? I shouldn't think you'd let everybody cut in on you."

"I don't care much about dancing," he said.

"I saw that dress in Cooper's window last week and it was marked forty dollars. I wonder how she got it."

"Dunno," he mumbled, relieved when Larry Kent cut in and allowed him to escape back to the stags. Of course he was glad Janey was having a good time at her first formal dance, but after all, she was his girl, even if

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Safely, Effectively

STOPS underarm **PERSPIRATION** without irritation

Does not irritate the skin—can be used any time, either before or after shaving—or after dressing.

No fuss—no waiting to dry—does not harm any dress fabric—does not stain clothing—white—non-greasy.

Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days—keeps underarm completely dry—takes odor from perspiration.

New Odorono Cream is scientifically made with "Inhibitors" which are immensely effective in preventing dampness and odor.

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uneasiness the thin line of her mouth. She said:

"Bill, you were rude to Mrs. Fraser and Peggy."

Janey stepped forward, fans of bright color in her soft young cheeks. "I'm sure he didn't mean to be, Mrs. Grant. He's just thoughtless at times."

"I am not!" Bill snorted. "I don't like Peggy and I don't care if she knows it. She's catty, that's what she is."

Mrs. Grant looked from Bill to Janey. "What *has* got into you, Bill?"

"Please," Janey pleaded, "I know he doesn't mean to be rude. He's awfully worried about his chemistry exam tomorrow . . ."

Mrs. Grant searched the girl's distressed face. "Janey," she asked, her voice very gentle, "do you always make excuses for Bill?"

"She don't have to make excuses for me. I don't want excuses," Bill said.

"Very well. We'll talk about it later. Take Janey home now."

WORDLESSLY Janey got her old winter coat from the hall closet and slipped it on, then pulled a black beret over her thick brown hair. Bill opened the back door and they walked out into an opaque shifting curtain of feathery snowflakes.

Scuffing his feet on the thin layer of white, Bill said, "I didn't get the job I wanted at Bert's, but he's going to let me answer the phone evenings for six bits. That'll only be three dollars, but I know a fellow at school who wants to buy my short-wave radio set. Say, do you suppose your mother would let you come down to the garage tonight and study?"

"I'll ask. Bill—I wish there wasn't going to be any dance. I wish you didn't have tickets—I wish I could just disappear until it's all over with," Janey wailed softly. "I just know this dress business will get both of us into trouble. I bet your mother is terribly angry with me."

"She'll forget about it by tomorrow. Quit worrying, willya? I'll call you up after dinner." He watched Janey hurry up the steps into her house then loped homeward.

Bill pushed back from the dinner table, glancing sidewise at his father while he dabbed at his mouth with a napkin. He said, hoping for the best: "Will you save my pie till later, mom? It's almost time for me to go to work. I got a job today."

He now had his father's undivided attention. "A job? What sort of job?"

"Please, dad," Bill implored, edging toward the door. "Gosh, don't you want me to be ambitious? You ought to be glad I want to work and earn my own money."

"We are," his mother said hastily, "but a boy going to school needs lots of sleep, dear, and this job would keep you up much too late."

"Can't I ever do anything *I* want to do?" he demanded. "You wouldn't let me play football this year because I got an old broken collarbone last winter, and I sure get razzed about it. Now you don't want me to work. You don't want me to do anything but sit around with my nose in an old book. You don't want me to go to Janey's . . . you treat me like I was fifteen!"

"Surely you can tell us why both you and Janey are so anxious to earn money?" she persisted.

"No I can't." His jaw set stubbornly.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant exchanged worried glances. "I think you had better call Bert Lesser and tell him you have to study," Grant Senior stated in the voice which Bill knew from past experience precluded further argument. "How much money do you need?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Do you owe money to anyone, Bill? Is that it?"

"No. Gosh, do I have to tell you everything?" Bill shouted, his face growing red. "If you won't let me work I'm going over to Janey's."

"You've been over there every night for weeks," Mrs. Grant reasoned. "Suppose you stay home tonight. I'm sure her mother would welcome a vacation."

Bill glowered at his parents, opened his mouth, then shut it without exploding. Turning, he ran up the stairs and slammed the door of his room.

DURING THE next three days Bill shovelled snow from every sidewalk in the neighborhood whose owner offered payment. He put in six units of sawdust for old Mrs. Wheeler next door and a load of blockwood for the chiropractor on the corner. Some of his schoolbooks turned up in the windows of a secondhand bookshop; his air rifle in the window of a pawnshop. On Thursday he sold his much-prized radio, upon which he had worked all summer. On Thursday night he had twelve one-dollar bills in his pocket. When he collected his allowance he would have fourteen. Janey had earned two dollars, which brought the grand total to sixteen dollars. Enough for a dress, for shoes and stockings, and maybe an evening bag and a gardenia!

He set forth, in triumph, for Janey's house, striding over the snow-packed streets with a conqueror's jubilance.

"Janey, I've got the money. Tomorrow you can go downtown and get—"

"That's just it, B—Bill. My—my mother said I couldn't. I had to tell her, and she said I—I couldn't accept anything like that from you even though you meant it all right. I—I can't take the money, Bill. Oh, I knew this would happen!"

"Nuts. You're my girl, aren't you? If I want to buy you a dress I guess it's nobody's business!"

"Yes, it is," Janey said soberly. "I should have known better. I guess I did know better but I—I wanted to go so much—it's my fault—"

Bill attempted to push past her. "I'm going in and talk to your mother. I'll make her understand—"

She caught his arms and held him back. "Please don't, Bill. It won't do any good. She told daddy and he's awfully angry about it, and I know it's because he hasn't any money to get me the dress. He—he said he was going to talk to your father about it."

"Jeepers, Janey! Don't let him do that. I'd probably get sent away to school next term."

"I'll try to talk him out of it," she promised tearfully. "I—I guess we'd better just forget about going to the dance."

Bill trudged slowly along the wind-whipped streets, unaware of the cold that bit at his face and hands.

POOR COMPLEXION?

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* *A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.*

"Wish I'd never gone to the old dance," he muttered. "Wish I could go away to Africa or China or some place."

Gloomily he entered the hallway, heard Janey talking, stopped. His mouth dropped open in amazement. Janey was saying, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Grant. I—I ruined your beautiful dress. I—I was going down some steps and my heel caught in the hem and I fell and tore it. I—I'll come and do all your work for you, anything, to pay for it—"

Bill gulped. Gosh! A fellow like him didn't deserve a girl like this. In two long strides he stood behind her in the living room, meeting his mother's perturbed eyes. "Don't you believe her, mom," he said. "*I* stepped on the dress and tore it like that. You just ask anybody who was there. And I got sore and hit Larry Kent and maybe I'll get expelled . . ."

Mrs. Grant looked at their unhappy young faces. She knelt down and inspected the torn skirt. "I can mend it," she said. "I doubt if it will even show." She looked at his father. "William," she ordered, "you go to school with Bill in the morning and straighten things out. Remember the time you had a fist fight with Sam Leonard in the middle of the class play and only just because he kissed me?"

A slow grin broke over Grant Senior's face. "I remember. I only wish my father had been a lawyer. I had to talk myself out of that scrape!"

Mrs. Grant took her husband's arm and piloted him toward the kitchen. "Bill," she called back, "turn some dance music on the radio, and you and Janey entertain yourselves while we fix some sandwiches and make hot chocolate."

When the door into the kitchen shut softly, Bill screwed up his courage to meet Janey's eyes. "Gee, I'm sorry," he said. "I really wanted you to have fun. I—I guess I'm an awful mug—"

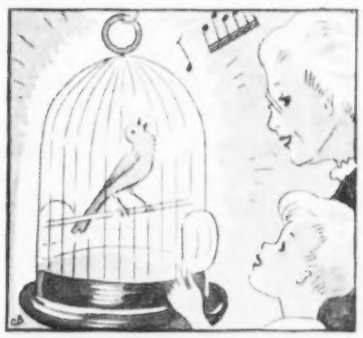
"I guess you aren't." She came close to him, reached up and kissed his tense young jaw. "Let's dance, Bill, just you and me . . ."

"Jeepers, Janey—you aren't mad? You mean you're going to keep on being my girl?"

"Uh-huh," she said. "You've got the grandest parents, Bill."

"You bet. The best ever. Janey, I—I—"

She looked up expectantly, but he couldn't quite get out the sentimental words he felt inside. Instead he put his arms around her and kissed her. He said: "How'd you like a gold watch for Christmas, Janey?" ☆



Canary Talks

by Wallace C. Jones

How to rid a cage of the troublesome "red mite"

EQUALLY IMPORTANT to the canary's health as proper diet, is keeping him free of lice or, as they are called, red mite. This is not a big task and we know of birds nineteen years old that are enjoying perfect health, are in full song, and have never known of these blood-sucking pests. There is no reason for any canary being visited by red mite if proper care is exercised.

First of all, place a white cloth over the cage at night. Then in an hour or so take the cloth to a strong light and make a close examination of the side that was next to the cage. If you see any small dark specks, crush them with your finger and, if blood appears, it's high time to get to work. Next morning, if you haven't an extra cage that is really clean, prepare a shoe box by making a few air holes in the top. Transfer the bird to it, being very careful not to squeeze "Dick," fasten down the lid and go about the cleaning process. Prepare a strong soapsuds in boiling water—the laundry tub is best for the job. Take the cage apart as much as possible, removing all trinkets. Throw away the seed and cuttlebone, and sterilize every part of the cage by dipping it up and down several times in the boiling water, but be sure to use boiling water.

Do not allow the cage to remain too long in one position in the suds, but turn and twist it often as you dip it. Dry it off and replace the bird in it. Be very sure the perches are thoroughly dry. Place the cage in some other room for a week or two, until you make sure the surrounds are free of lice. Give a thorough treatment to the standard or hook where the cage hung.

Use a clean cover at night, and for a few nights examine it to see if there are any lice left. Do not put it, during the day, in the customary place for the cage cover, as some of the pests may be there. Unless you make a perfect job of what you are about, you will be wasting your time.

Sparrows have lice, so never put the bird outdoors. Refrain from minding a bird for a neighbor, and never borrow a canary to bring into the presence of yours, lest the stranger has lice.

Lice come from so many sources that it's not always easy to tell how a bird becomes infested, but canaries do not all have lice and it's possible to keep them free of these pests. Red mite can and will undermine a canary's health by keeping him awake; then other ailments set in. ☆

Do you want Men to Whisper to you or about you?

Use a long-lasting Deodorant

"You need a true perspiration check that your bath can't render ineffective, that won't fail you after tennis, a walk, dancing."

Dorothy Dix

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS will go on longing—*in vain*—to have "sweet nothings" whispered in their ears, until they learn the simple rule of *long-lasting* personal daintiness.

Every girl needs a *long-lasting* deodorant . . . one that cannot be neutralized by a shower, or become ineffective after an afternoon of shopping or an evening of dancing.

No matter how sweet you are at the *beginning* of the day—or evening—excitement, exercise, nervousness are bound to make you perspire. Once your underarm becomes damp, your fate is sealed.

Perspiration odor may not only kill your glamour on *that* occasion. Its stale odor, intensified by the heat of your body, will hover around you every time you wear that dress—and people will turn away disillusioned, revolted.

Play Safe!

If you think this couldn't possibly apply to you, smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may explain the disinterested attitude of men you have known.

No wonder so many refined and cultured women consider the use of Liquid Odorono so important to their charm and poise. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. It instantly diverts perspiration from that one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, it scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

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Most women need only two applications of Liquid Odorono a week. You can forget about odor or dampness—or the dreadful *fear* of embarrassment from them—for as much as three days! Think how easily that solves the problem of everyday daintiness.

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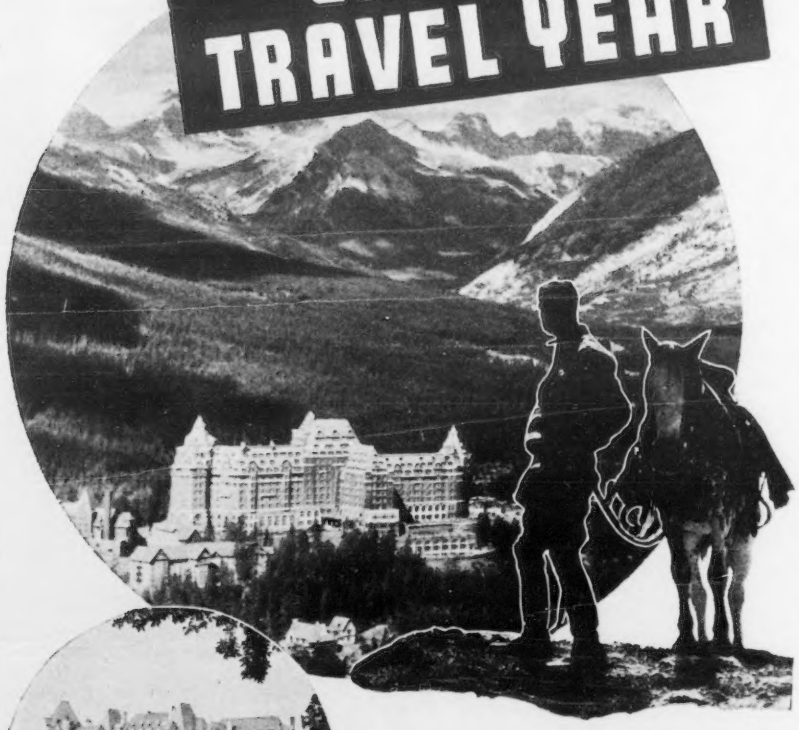

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nobody would know it to watch her.

His vigilant glance observed Larry Kent taking over. He saw protest on Janey's face as Larry squeezed her too tight. Janey didn't like Larry. He didn't like Larry. He never had liked Larry. Nobody was going to treat *his* girl this way!

Head down he butted a path straight toward them. Larry saw him coming and danced backward, pulling Janey after him. With a subdued growl Bill leaped ahead, grabbed Janey's arm and braked his feet on something other than polished wood, skidded, then sat abruptly on the floor. His fall was accompanied by the sickening sound of tearing silk. Janey, with shaking hands, held up her skirt, cried out in sharp dismay as she saw the long jagged tear that exposed a good portion of her slip.

Everyone near by stopped dancing to form a spectators' ring about them. Peggy pushed in close. "Isn't that just too bad, Janey," she sympathized. "Why don't you get a boy friend who isn't clumsy?"

"That broken collarbone musta made him slap-happy and he thinks he's playing football," Larry jeered.

A tittering ripple went around the circle as Bill got up. "He is not clumsy," Janey declared. "He slipped. Anybody can slip."

"Certainly," mocked Peggy, "but nobody does it except Bill. However, he'll probably help you start a laundry to get another dress!"

"You mind your own business, Peg," Janey stormed. "You're just peeved because Bill didn't bring you to the dance!"

Peggy's scornful laugh echoed through the sudden stillness. "You're an idiot, Janey. I wouldn't look at him twice."

"I'll say you wouldn't," Janey snapped, warning flares in her cheeks. "It wouldn't do you any good."

Bill felt sure he was turning green and red at the same time. His toes curled under in an effort to make his feet appear less gargantuan. Then into the midst of his rage and mortification Larry thrust a taunt: "Why don't you go paint your face, clown? Maybe you'd be funny—" Bill's fist crashed into his face, stopping him. Through a haze he saw the horrified features of the dean.

Janey grabbed his hand. "Come on, Bill, let's get out of here!"

"Come to my office in the morning," ordered the dean. "Both of you."

THEY SAT in the car in front of his house, watching the sputtering corner arc light make shifting patterns on the snow. Janey wept softly.

"I—I guess maybe I am a clown," Bill said humbly. "Gee, I won't blame you if you never speak to me again. It—it was sure swell of you, though, to stick up for me in front of Peggy and—oh, gosh, I wonder if I'll get expelled? And mom was so swell and now I ruined the dress—oh, Janey, what'm I gonna do?"

For answer Janey opened the car door, jumped out and ran into the house. Bill followed slowly, dreading to hear her repeat the story, even a modified version, to his parents. Janey was good and mad at him, all right. She hadn't said a word all the way home. And what would his father say . . . and his mother . . .

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whispered the rest to him. He started, turned pale. "Sure, Miss Doc. Right away."

"Now the rest of you—we'll need cots and towels and blankets and food and linens. Scurry around and get them. The men inside will stay here, the rest of you can be vaccinated if you want to, though I don't know as you're in much danger. It's a good precaution, that's all, especially with things the way they've been with the Indians. The main thing is to be careful and not worry. If anyone doesn't feel all right, let me know."

"I . . I guess we all want to be vaccinated," one man said nervously.

The men nodded in vigorous agreement, and when Ray came back with vaccine and George with a carefully covered sign, they were sure and to a man wanted to be vaccinated. In getting the sign in through the window it slipped in her hands and the dreaded word, "Smallpox," was visible for all to read. That settled it once and for all. "All right. I'll be out after a while," she said and closed the window.

She turned to the two men inside. "How many men are in here?"

"Just Jim and I and Red Keller. Keller was near him so I thought I ought to keep him in. And Jim got stubborn and wouldn't leave until you came."

"Yeah," Jim flared angrily, "you'd love to see me scuttle out"

"Just about as much as you'd like to see me do it, probably," Len said coldly, refusing to look at him. "Now . . ."

At that instant the telephone rang and the doctor picked up the receiver. "Hello? Oh, it's you? Yes, right here."

"For you, Len," the doctor said. "You'll be getting lots of calls from the womenfolks now!"

Len took the receiver. "Hello," he said. When he heard the voice on the wire the color receded from his face, but he spoke quietly. "Yes." Then after a pause, "Well, you didn't hear, the right of it, then. No, of course not, I'm not keeping anybody." He listened another moment, his hand gripping the receiver too tightly. When he spoke there was in his voice a gentleness that made Miss Doc wince for him. "No. No, I didn't know that. Of course . . . of course you do." Then he added again, "Of course I understand. Good-by."

"Well . . ." The truculence in Jim's tone as he resumed the conversation was not to be mistaken, and Len flushed at it.

"There's no reason for you to stay here now, Kenron. You'd better get along now that the doctor is here."

Jim's eyes snapped. "If you think I'm going to crawl home out of this mess just to please you and make you the big hero, you're crazy. I'm staying."

"Oh, shut up," said Len, roused past all gentleness. "Did it ever occur to you that I might be glad to have your room instead of your company? There are worse things than smallpox, and I can think of a good many other people I'd rather be cooped up with than you—since you've asked for it."

Jim's anger jumped to meet his. "That's all right with me. I'm not staying from any love of your company either, if it comes to that. You get out and I'll stay myself."

"I can see myself."

The doctor intervened. "Now, stop it, you two. You'll both stay and like it. I'm still representing the public health around her and don't you forget it. You're in here and you're going to stay here." She turned to Jim. "I'll vaccinate you both, Keller too, and then you'll have to make yourselves comfortable. The men are bringing cots and supplies. Tom's going to need nursing."

"I'll take care of him," Len said at once. "You can tell me exactly what to do and let him"—he gestured toward Jim—"go home."

"He's my man," growled Jim, "in my gang, and I'll take care of him but, in your own words, I'd a lot rather do it in your room than your company."

Len stiffened. "I know you're physically stronger but that doesn't prove anything about immunity. I'm his employer and responsible for his welfare. I'll take care of him. You go."

"I tell you I'm doing it. You get out."

"You're married. I'm not."

"That doesn't make me yellow."

"You've got . . . you've got a family . . ."

"Don't worry, you'll both get a chance to be heroes," snapped the doctor. "I've been trying to make it clear to you no one can go until we know which way things are going. You can stay in separate rooms if you can't stand the sight of each other, but Tom has to have care both night and day, and since you two have been exposed you might as well make yourselves useful—if you think you can stop acting like two young ones long enough to do it. You ought to have your heads bumped together."

They both looked a little deflated, and she went on in a milder tone, "Come on, I'll tell you what to do. Keep his face bathed like I told you, but be careful not to touch his skin if you can help it. And be sure to scrub every time you leave him. I'll show you about scrubbing, too."

There followed a period of hurried activity. When all was done inside that could be done, and complete instructions given to the men, when Tom had been made as comfortable as she could make him, the doctor then set up a temporary clinic in the tool shed and vaccinated all comers.

"Well, that's a good day's work for public health," she said wearily as she packed her bag, the last man rolling down his sleeve, "even if it is tough on you men and finishes things for Len here. You men and Len and Jim were all for a closed factory and now you've got it. You can go home and enjoy it."

"What do you mean, finishes things here?" one of the men asked.

"Oh, Len'll have to close up for good now. He's practically bankrupt, borrowed to the gills, and this delay will lose him the order he depended on to pull him out. He was trying to hang on until he got the money so he could get new machinery and larger orders and new financing."

The men looked at each other uneasily. "But Jim . . ."

"Oh, well, Jim didn't know any more about it than the rest of you did. Len couldn't publish it or he might have lost that one order had he appeared insecure. You mustn't blame Jim."

"But Len . . ."

The doctor shook her head. "He's

Now! Banish Enlarged Pores In a Single Treatment!

BLACKHEADS GO, TOO!

Edna Wallace Hopper, "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old," . . . . discloses another of her startling youth revelations

So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and reduce large pores.

My answer is, "Purge the pores." *Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system.* I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done. But it can. And very simply and quickly. *Often in a single treatment.*

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack (Clay.) A preparation I found out about years ago in Paris.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, not a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack (Clay) back from Paris. I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called *Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack (Clay.)* The one made from the original French formula that does away with blackheads and large pores, in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug, department store or 15¢ toilet goods counter. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

Other Hopper products you should try:

Hopper's Restorative Cream—
A simple way to restore the Oils of Youth to your skin and make you look 10 years younger in 10 minutes.

Hopper's Cleansing Cream—
Melts quickly; penetrates every pore and cleanses them of all make-up, dust and grime.

Hopper's Vanishing Cream—
The perfect foundation for make-up. Provides all-day protection for your complexion.

Free Complete Facial Treatment

Just send 6¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing, and we will send you a complete facial treatment of Hopper's White Youth Pack (Clay).

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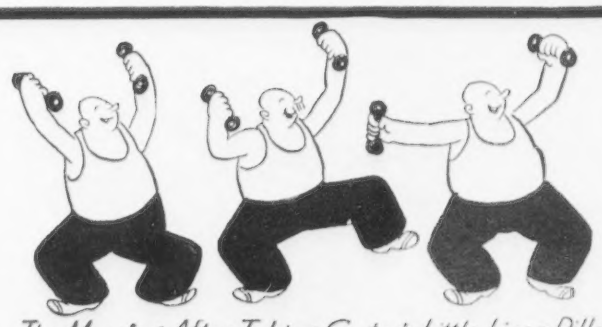


The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Food and money-saving Para-Sani *Heavy* Waxed Paper is in daily use in countless kitchens. Made by Appleford Paper Products Limited.

PARA-SANI
Heavy WAXED PAPER

Photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 80th year.

A CHALLENGE TO HEALTH-MINDED PEOPLE

● Invented 31 years ago by Dr. Jackson to rebuild his own wrecked health, Dr. Jackson Meal (formerly Roman Meal) differs in important respects from ordinary, highly processed cereals that merely taste "sweet" and "nice" but often lack nourishment and health value. Yes, Dr. Jackson Meal is different. Containing whole rye and wheat for vitality and bran for needed roughage, it also has what no other cereal contains—Flax-o-Lin and rice polishings, rich in nerve and body building minerals and vitalizing properties—as Dr. Jackson's own marvellous bodily health at 81 abundantly proves.

Accept this challenge for your next 30 breakfasts: eat Dr. Jackson Meal (or his similar cereals, Bekus-puddy and Lishus) and some fruit. Drink freely of Kofy-Sub, the alkali-forming, iron-rich beverage. Then note the improvement in your physical well being. Better appetite. Better digestion. Better intestinal elimination. Then go back to your former cereal for a week and check up again. You'll be astonished at the change. You'll return permanently to Dr. Jackson Meal from then on. For your health's sake, start this test tomorrow—you and your family.

● Over half a million copies of Dr. Jackson's great book "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL" have been sold. If you are physically or mentally below par send $3.00 for a copy and learn how to live yourself into absolute wellness as thousands and thousands of others have done.

FREE *For valuable free literature on food and health write Robert G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.*

Not Without a Plan

Continued from page 7

"Great heavens! It can't be! . . . Of course, I'll come this minute. And Len, keep the men away from him . . . Oh, they are? . . . Well, stay away from him yourself, do you hear? I'm serious. Don't any of you go near him until I come."

She jumped out of bed, grabbed her clothes. "I have to get to the factory this instant, Lily May," she said. "No time for breakfast. I'll get something later."

It was only a few minutes until she was at the factory gate. The men were milling about the yard uneasily. "Good morning, boys," she said, and they all grinned at her in a somewhat sickly fashion.

"Now, Len, what's all this rumpus?" she asked briskly, entering the office. "I hope you haven't scared the men. They all look green at the edges."

Len and Jim—together in the same room for a change—were waiting for her, concern on both their faces though it had not overcome the stiffness between them. "No, I just sent them out and told them to stay there. But they all know about the Indians in the lumber camp and they're scared," Len said.

"Probably just the measles. Or chicken pox. They're both about."

"No," said Jim shortly, "I've had 'em both and I know. This is something a lot different."

She looked at him sharply. "Where is he?"

"In the factory office, Jim's room."

She walked briskly in to where Tom lay upon a day bed. The two men followed gingerly.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter with you, tired of working?" She walked over to him, automatically took up his hand to get his pulse. "Hmmm." She bent over him, peering intently at his skin. "Whew! Lots of fun, eh?"

He was stretched his full length upon the day bed, looking most uncomfortable. His face was swollen and red. He looked as though his temperature were a hundred and five and his pulse uncountable. He was acutely miserable and very, very sick. He moaned, "Is it . . . is it . . ?"

"Now, now," soothed Miss Doc, "you're all right. We'll have you fit as a fiddle before you know it. Let's see, now, how long ago were you vaccinated?"

"I . . . I don't remember . . ." Tom moaned again.

She drew back to the other two men, out of his hearing. "He's sick, all right. Plenty sick. I don't like that rash a little bit."

"Is it . . . ?" they asked simultaneously.

"Too early to tell yet, but we have to be ready. One of you open this window, I don't want to touch it." They both sprang to open it for her. "You, George," she called, "come here a minute, will you? You, too, Ray."

Two men detached themselves from the crowd and came over to her slowly. "Is it . . . ?"

"It's too early to say what it is," she said shortly, then lowering her voice, "I want you, Ray, to go and get that other bottle of vaccine—tell Lily May it's the one on my desk. And you, George, go get me a sign . . ." she

There is a **SURE** way to stop Moths!

A great many women work hard and long to stop moth damage, yet actually *waste* both time and money by using faulty methods. Don't let this happen to you!

You can keep every rug and chair and woollen garment *safe* . . . at very little cost and with very little trouble . . . by proper use of *Larvex*.

For your furniture and garments, use liquid Larvex, sprayed by hand or the power sprayer on your vacuum cleaner. For blankets and washables, use Rinsing Larvex. Just follow the simple directions on each package.

Nothing need be wrapped or stored away when you use Larvex. There's no unpleasant odor to put up with. When Larvex is bought by the gallon it costs less than 28¢ to mothproof a man's 3-piece suit. Use Larvex, and be *safe* from moths!

THIS YEAR DO YOUR MOTHPROOFING RIGHT

LARVEX

IS QUICK, CHEAP, SURE

Quickly Tint **GRAY HAIR** *and Look 10 Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

I GUESS YOU NEVER HAD FLEAS

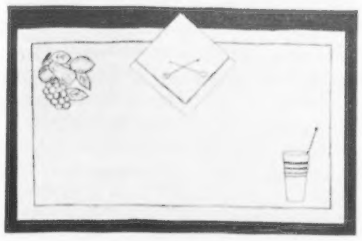
Imagine an itch that's everywhere at once. Your skin gets tender—and you scratch! Maybe you get a skin disease and your hair falls out! I had 'em till the Master brought home some Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA POWDER.

He dusts it into my coat, and . . . boy! does it kill 'em dead! And it soothes too! And SKIP-FLEA SOAP does the same job and cleans too. SKIP-FLEA'S a treat for any dog. Get it at drug and pet stores—and your free Sergeant's DOG BOOK (or write Sergeant's, 167 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.).

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

NEW HANDICRAFTS by Marie le Cerf

C664—Sunfish towels, to be worked in flame and green on white, maize or green linen—size 15 x 24 inches. Tiny hems are required down each side and a single hemstitching at hems. Price per pair, including cottons for working, 75 cents.



C665—Beverage set. A refreshing and original design—the large tray cloth, 15 x 24 inches, and six serviettes, 9 x 12 inches. Stamped on white, cream, green or maize linen, the set is priced at $1.00; cottons for working, 15 cents.

C663—Novelty work or shopping bag — appliqué in gay hollyhock design. Size 14 inches, stamped on purple, olive green, navy blue or black art felt. You will love making up the tall sprays of hollyhocks and dainty leaves. Complete materials, including lining and sticks for top, price $1.00.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.

C645—Daffodil cushion in cross stitch. This makes a lovely pair with No. C600 shown in our February issue. Stamped on old gold, olive green, black, midnight blue or French rose taffeta, size about 8 x 17 inches—priced at $1.25; cottons for working, 10 cents, and a form can be supplied at 50 cents.

C659 — The "Homesteaders." An appealing little silhouette in cross stitch—stamped on fine white linen, size about 9 x 7 inches—price, 35 cents; cotton for working, 5 cents.

C666—A very artistic and modern luncheon set, particularly dainty for summer use. The lovely sprays are worked with the lightest touch in the palest colors. Stamped on finest Chinese linen in pale cream, or on white or green Irish linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at $1.50. A 45-inch set can also be supplied but in white or cream Irish linen only—price $2.00. Cottons for working in blue, mauve, yellow, pale rose and green come to 20 cents.

"Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"

Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!

MOTHER: Why . . . Alice!!! . . . I'm only trying to help you!
ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?

MOTHER: Oh well . . . if *that's* the way you feel about it . . . But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?
ALICE: Yes, but that was 25 years ago . . .

ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.

ALICE: He prescribed a *special* food formula ...told me to use *special* baby powder ..He even recommended a *special baby laxative!*
MOTHER: Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*

ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle . . . yet as thorough as can be.

MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how pernickety he is about new things.
ALICE: The doctor said *even the taste* of Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

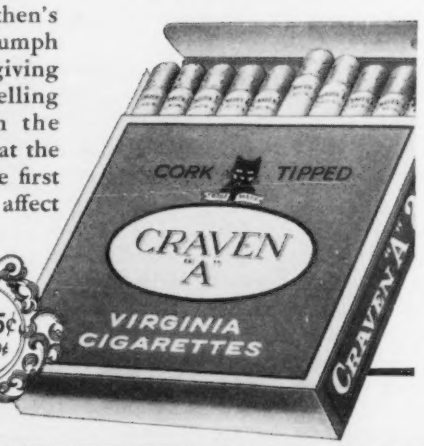
CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Then You'll
CRAVE A CRAVEN "A"

Right on the green . . . then's the time to top off your triumph with a smooth, pleasure-giving Craven "A"—the largest selling cork-tipped cigarette in the world. They taste as mild at the 19th hole as they do at the first —for Cravens will not affect your throat.

Also Craven Plain (without cork-tip) same fine quality as Craven "A".



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Tins 50 for 60¢

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150 Years' Reputation for Quality

HERE'S A SPECIAL
luscious TREAT

CRISP, crunchy, golden-brown Shredded Wheat, heaped extra generously with ripe, luscious berries . . . topped off with cream and sugar to your taste. It's nourishing and it's *good!* Serve Shredded Wheat with berries in season, as often as possible. It makes an extra tempting meal, quickly served.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls • Canada

LOOK FOR THIS FAMILIAR PACKAGE AT YOUR FOOD STORE

Ripe, juicy Strawberries

12 big biscuits in every box

with
SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

past trying to do anything, I guess. He's licked. Now, off with you and if any of you don't feel well be sure to call me at once.

IT WAS two wan and irritable men she found on her return to the factory the next morning. Keller was still comfortably asleep, but Len and Jim were awake and gaunt and cross and stubbly.

"How is he?" she asked at once.

"Seems a little better, sleeping now," said Len. Then he added in a tone that robbed his words of any graciousness, "Jim worked over him most all night and he's more comfortable now."

Jim reddened, but whether at the tone or the words the doctor did not know. "Nuts. I didn't do any more than you did. We took turns, that's all."

"Well, go along and smoke, the two of you, and I'll look him over." When she had finished she returned to the office to find Len sprawled in a chair at his desk. Jim was intent in low-voiced conversation with a group of men at the window.

"Is he . . . ?"

"He seems much better but the rash is still there. I do believe it is fading a bit, though, and another twelve hours ought to tell us. I'm sorry about that, Len. I know what the delay in filling this order means to you, but illness never waits even to prevent bankruptcy."

At that Jim strode grimly from the window. "I've been hearing something about that from the men," he said crisply. "They're all upset. Bankruptcy! What do you mean?"

Len brushed it aside. "It doesn't matter. If Tom's all right that's what we all want most."

"This delay will lose the Christmas order for Len and . . ."

"Oh, well," said Len, "forget it, Miss Doc. We probably couldn't have made it anyhow. It's mighty little importance along side of Tom getting well, if only the men escape it; they have families . . ."

"Couldn't have made *what?*" Jim's tone was almost rude in its urgency.

Len said nothing and the doctor answered for him. "This order would have kept Len from having to close the factory, carried him over till he could get new machinery and new financing."

Jim turned to Len, looking him straight in the eyes. "Is this true?" he demanded.

"Well, yes, it's true," said Len tiredly, "but let's not talk about it. The kid's going to be all right. The rest of us will manage, one thing or another. It's just the men with families . . ."

Even yet they couldn't talk to each other! The doctor tapped her foot impatiently, made her decision.

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "Alice asked me to thank you, Len, for trying to send Jim home yesterday. I told her you did the best you could but I wouldn't have it."

"Alice?" Jim was alarmed.

"Oh, don't worry," the doctor said, "she won't be needing you for another two months, and I wouldn't let you go near her until this thing is settled once and for all, even if she did. She just thought Len might keep you from running into danger, so she phoned."

Len looked vexed, his face crimson. "Now, look here, Miss Mary, that isn't like you. You shouldn't . . ."

Jim stood still. After a moment he said in a strange voice, "Was that Alice you talked to last night?"

"Well," said Len. "Well, I guess . . . yes, it was."

"Oh," said the doctor, not quite truthfully, "I supposed he told you. That's how he knew that . . . that Alice might need you, or think she did anyway."

"No," said Jim. "No, he didn't tell me."

There was only silence in the room, a silence more full than any speech. Then Jim turned and said slowly, "And you'd do that for . . ." He hesitated and then added, "Then all those things you said were just . . ."

Len shrugged. "There wasn't any need for you to stay," he said lamely.

Jim's face held a curious expression. "Well—what do you know about . . ." He broke off, then turned again squarely to Len and said with all his old truculence, but with something else it did not quite cover, "About this factory business—why didn't you tell us? After all, if we had known . . ."

"It doesn't matter now. And, anyway, you goon," Len grinned at him, "you didn't give me much of a chance. Then I lost my temper and . . . but it's all over now."

"Hey, you lug, how do you get that way? We won't let it happen, smallpox or no smallpox!"

Len shook his head, managed another grin. "You've pulled me out of a lot of scrapes, Jim—remember the time you hauled me out of Clearcreek when I'd gone down for good?—but this is too much for anybody now. Thanks, though."

At the new note that had crept in his voice, Jim squared his shoulders. "We'll work two shifts when we get out of here, put on more men . . ." He was not to be denied. "We'll get that order out on time. We've got long enough to do it in if we snap to it. The patterns are most all done, Tom says." Then he added gruffly, "You should have told me."

Len brightened for a moment. "If . . . maybe . . . but the boys wouldn't . . . I couldn't pay them more until after this order, till I get the money..."

Jim waved a powerful, inclusive hand. "They will after all this, don't worry. I'll talk to them; they know you're white."

"Of course, if they'd take a cash bonus as soon as we get the money . . ." There was a sudden leap in his voice. "Think we could swing it, Jim?"

"Of course we can," said Jim. "Whoever thought we couldn't?"

Little Miss Doc smiled and tiptoed out, knowing they had forgotten her, leaving them staring sheepishly at each other. She went back to the little room where Tom lay, now very comfortable on his carefully made-up day bed.

"I think you are going to be better, Tom," she said amiably. "Things seem to be shaping around all right."

"No hurry," said Tom. "I feel like another man today, though a bit gone in the midriff. And say, how about those two? You've no idea the attention they've been giving me."

She assented. "Oh, they're having a grand time calling each other names,

☆ *Continued on page 46*

Uses Both Hands To Write

Letter From a Man of 90

He asks us to excuse his writing. We do more than that—we congratulate him on being able to write at all at his age, especially as he has been suffering from rheumatism. This is what he says in his letter:—

"Three years ago I was in bed for six weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. Since that time I have been taking Kruschen Salts, and have not had another attack. But the complaint left me with inflamed feet, and it hurt me to walk. My hands were also somewhat stiff. I took Kruschen every morning before breakfast, and shall continue to do so, because I am sure they have kept me in good shape for three years. Excuse this writing, as I am ninety years old, and use both hands to write."—J. R. G.

The pain and stiffness of rheumatism are often caused by uric acid in the muscles and joints. Kruschen helps to dissolve and remove excess uric acid in a gentle way through the natural channels. Renewed health and vigour is the result.

IS YOUR BABY GETTING A TOOTH?

YOUR BABY must "get a tooth". But he need not get a fever with it—if baby's mother is wise he won't.

Here is what one wise mother, Mrs. Archie Begbie, of Consecon, has to say: "We have not lost one night's rest through teething as I always use my old standby, Baby's Own Tablets. They are worth their weight in gold."

And Mrs. B. A. Sebine, of Galt, Ont., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby girl since she was three weeks old and, although she cut her teeth rapidly (all four molars at once) she has never yet wakened us at night. I would not be without these tablets."

Give these safe, sweet-tasting tablets at the first sign of teething fever. Easy to take, prompt in action, yet safe. Analyst's certificate in every package.

Also effective in Constipation, Simple Fever, Diarrhoea, Upset Stomach, Colic, Simple Croup and Fretfulness. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

WEAR THE SEASON'S SMART NEW SHADES

They are all available in economical TINTEX

A few cents worth of TINTEX and a few minutes of your time will bring your wardrobe up to date. You'll find all the fashionable new colors in the familiar TINTEX package. Try it. You'll find it quick, easy to use, lasting.

Enjoy the thrill of clothes that look stylishly new, and save money at the same time. Choose your colors from the TINTEX color card at your drug or department store.

Tintex

The world's largest selling TINTS and DYES

Canadian applicants must be under twenty-five years of age, and unmarried. The salary, as those of business girls go, is excellent. The longest flight will be that between Toronto and Winnipeg, a matter of a little over seven hours. Each stewardess serves one meal aboard, and at the present time hot coffee and sandwich lunches, or something such, are in order. Eventually the elaborate meal prepared in many air lines may be introduced—the menu, which takes in everything from soup to nuts, all ready in thermos containers brought aboard at the time of taking off. There is no cooking on the ship, and lap trays are used for serving.

The little housekeeper in the clouds will chalk up a maximum of 100 flying hours a month.

FROM THE moment she fastens the seat belt around a passenger's waist at the take-off (to be removed when flying level is reached), the stewardess is "at your service." She will not allow smoking going up and coming down, but it's permissible to light up once aloft. If it's a first flight, she helps the passenger get properly adjusted. She'll spend approximately one third of her time on women; for that's the proportion of flyers of the feminine sex. She'll help get a camera, typewriter or briefcase down from the rack. The other forty pounds of luggage allowance are carried elsewhere. She'll help adjust individual air and heat control, which gives the exact temperature desired at every seat. She'll pass out especially light-bound magazines, and even look at pictures of wives and babies.

And whatever part of Canada the passenger comes from, he's apt to meet up with a home-towner; because dark stewardess Pat McNamara was born in Sault Ste. Marie, and Dorothy Price and Norah Wallace, dainty brunette and blonde respectively, come from Orillia, Ontario, fair Marcelle Levac and the sisters Brunelle, Geralde and Annette, are natives of Quebec. From the prairies hail fair, brown-eyed Margaret Beeber, of Bassano, Alberta, and Constance Hairbeck, a Lethbridge, Alberta, brunette, dark Kilby Harding, of Regina, Sask., and Margaret Brass, of Yorkton, Sask. Sheila Neill is a native of Ste. Agathe, Manitoba, and from the Winnipeg headquarters are dark Margaret Wilson, Ruth Leslie, a blonde, and Florence Shanahan, only copper-haired member of the staff. Rose Crispin and dark-haired Pat Eccleston are Vancouverites. Dark, petite Mary Mussen isn't a stewardess, but as a veteran of U. S. lines she does important ground work in Toronto. She was born in China, of Canadian parents, and educated in Toronto.

All are graduates of first-rate Canadian hospitals, and keen sportswomen and out-of-door girls.

Perhaps this will give you an idea that there's nothing soft about air-stewardessing on Trans-Canada lines.

On the other hand, it isn't the kind of job at which a bright young graduate nurse would turn up her nose. Or what do you think? ☆

The photograph on page 16 shows Winnipeg's contribution to the air stewardesses of the Trans-Canada Air Lines.

"Boy . . . watch my smoke!"
"Watch mine — it's a Sweet Cap!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

Lovelier WITHOUT PAINT...

Tangee gives a natural youthful color. Never that harsh "painted look"!

Glaring Painted Lips

Tangee Glowing Lips

Don't let anyone say *you* have that painted look! Make sure your lips are naturally lovely, the safe way, with Tangee. It can't paint because it isn't paint. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a soft blush-rose, your own youthful, most flattering color. Your lips are alive and fresh — enchanting to men.

Tangee lasts longer in two ways: on your lips, and since only a little is required, the stick lasts longer. Then, too, Tangee has a special cream base that keeps lips smooth, soft and alluring.

On occasion, you may prefer a more vivid color, then use Tangee Theatrical. Ask for Tangee today.

★ Tangee Face Powder gives a natural, flattering softness to your skin.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

Palmers, Ltd., 750 Vitre St. W., Montreal, Can.

Please rush "Miracle Make-up Set" containing sample **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** I enclose 15c (stamps or coin).

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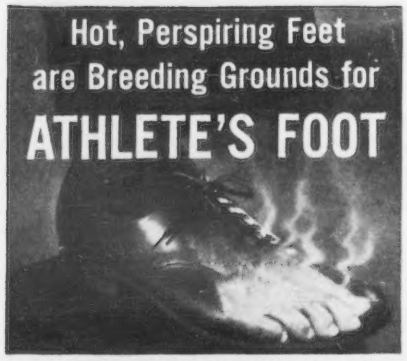
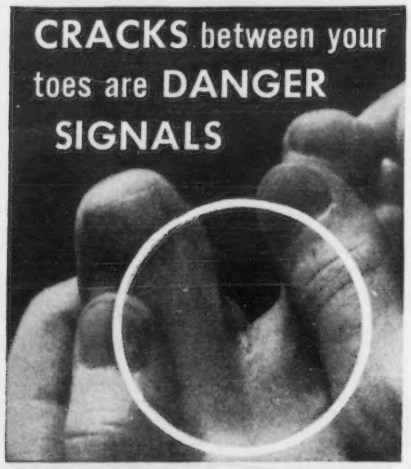
Hot, Perspiring Feet are Breeding Grounds for

ATHLETE'S FOOT



WHEN SCORCHING PAVEMENTS, hot shoes soak your feet in perspiration, they're regular hotbeds for torturing Athlete's Foot.

CRACKS between your toes are DANGER SIGNALS



ATHLETE'S FOOT GERMS breed in this perspiration. When the damp skin cracks, the germ gets right in. Then toes get red and itchy—skin peels off in patches leaving raw soreness—Athlete's Foot.

Drench them at ONCE—

At the first sign of a crack between your toes—splash on Absorbine Jr. freely! Apply it full strength every night and morning.

1. It dries the skin between the toes.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. A powerful fungicide, it kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
4. It soothes and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against re-infection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

- Sore, Aching Muscles
- Tired, Swollen Feet
- Bites of Mosquitoes and other small insects

Sample Bottle FREE!

Write W. F. Young, Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

PIMPLES EXTERNALLY CAUSED

Help relieve externally caused pimples, blackheads, rashes and other irritations. Buy BOTH Cuticura Soap and Ointment. 25¢ each—all druggists.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Not Without a Plan

Continued from page 44

sort of getting back to old times. That's sort of natural when you think of it. By the way, I've been keeping Louisa Ann out by main force. If this shouldn't be smallpox promised I'd take you to her place to recuperate."

Tom promptly rose from his bed, "Let's go," he said.

"Wait a minute, sonny, wait a minute," she said, laughing at his eagerness. Then, severely, "Another twelve hours for you, young man; don't forget how long that fellow Jacob served for his girl."

She turned to leave. "By the way, Louisa Ann is just outside. You might peek out at her and show her that you haven't got the black death. She'll be sicker than you if she doesn't get sight of you pretty soon."

He leaped to the window and pressed his face eagerly against the pane. As she went down the walk she saw Louisa Ann gazing up at that red splotched countenance framed in the window as though all the beauty of the centuries were compassed within that small area.

"Oh, well, youth!" she said to herself, and went on home.

HAPPILY she let herself into her house, which suddenly seemed very cool and remote and comfortable. "Lily May, you're not to answer the telephone and you're not to answer the doorbell. There are no babies expected today and the rest can wait. I'm not at home. I'm going to read all day in the sun and be lazy."

"Praise be!" said Lily May. "You do be gettin' sense." She stood with her hands on her hips. "Mis' Mary, there do be a question I wants t'ax youall. Do that man have the ole pox or don' he?"

Miss Doc chuckled, rubbing her hands over her wrinkled face and leaving it almost smooth with happiness. "Oh, no, Lily. I never said he did! He just had a protein rash. Anaphylaxis, or allergy, we call it. It comes from eating eggs. He never should touch them."

Lily May's eyes popped again. She looked scared, her jaw dropping until she looked almost stupid, which Lily May could never be.

"My lan's sake, Mis' Mary, I done put half a dozen eggs in that frappé drink youall sent in his lunch with Miss Louisa last night. Like you tole me!"

Lil' ole Miss Doc grinned and drew one eyelid in an unmistakable wink.

"Oh, well, it didn't hurt him any. He was willing to die for her, he said, and this looked easy to him."

She stretched, releasing muscles from tension, and walked toward her room, the chuckle growing. "Everything's fine now. The factory isn't going to close, Len and Jim are friends again, though it may take them a day or two to find it out, Louisa and Tom will get married and the whole town's vaccinated. *That's* something I've been trying to accomplish for years!" She picked up a book, then added slyly, "You've no idea what a good smallpox scare can do for a town, Lily."

"Yassam," said Lily May in dark disapproval. "I sure knew you do ben thinkin'." ☆

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NUGGET YOUR SHOES DAILY

There's always room at the top for those who shine their shoes with Nugget — polisher, protector and preserver.

Black, Blue and all shades of Brown.

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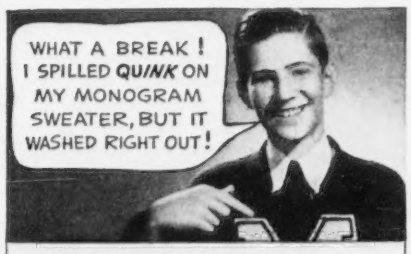
Oriental Cream

GOURAUD

gives a flower-like complexion for this important occasion. Will not disappoint.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan 3



NO MORE INK STAINS ON HANDS OR CLOTHES

The Quickest-Drying Ink You Ever Tried—And the SAFEST

The Parker Pen Company's new ink—Parker *Quink*—dries so fast on paper you can throw your blotters away. It dries by penetration, not evaporation—hence does not dry in a pen. *Quink* contains a secret ingredient that dissolves sediment left in a pen by pen-clogging inks. It makes your pen start instantly—every time! No shaking or fussing to get it to flow.

Made 2 ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. If spilled on hands, clothes or rugs, WASHABLE *Quink* is removed with soap and water without trace. PERMANENT *Quink* for office use is PERMANENT as paper—won't wash out or fade out. Both kinds are rich, brilliant—never watery. 15c, 25c and up at all stores selling ink.

Parker *Quink*

The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

On Duty in the Skies

Continued from page 16

they left behind. The pilot and co-pilot shut themselves in the control room, which is forbidden the passengers. At night they even pull the blind over a tiny bit of window, through which their backs were evident in the daytime, to avoid the glare of inside lights. So there they are—ten passengers and the stewardess. Every half hour the pilot reports, by telephone to her, things that might be of interest. Meanwhile, she's plugged up on her Canadian geography. She knows where the plane is and why, how high up, what the weather conditions are, and, unless one is too detailed about the whole business, "What's down there."

You've probably heard that there is a definite weight limit for the stewardess. That's incorrect. But there is a height deadline. She can range from five feet to five feet four inches. And the reason is a psychological, rather than a physical one. If you stand up in one of the beige and red upholstered aisles, you'll find, rather to your own surprise, that you don't need to stoop. If you're sitting down and watching an individual walk up and down, lean over your chair, move quietly and smoothly among the passengers, she'll look bigger than she really is. That's why it's necessary to have petite stewardesses.

Naturally, in order to be trim and well proportioned, the girl of five feet or so can't weigh a hundred and fifty. Therefore her weight must conform to her height, which would put her in the neighborhood of 115 to 120 pounds.

You can't miss the stewardess when you see her. She wears a well-tailored double-breasted navy blue serge suit, with a spanking white blouse, oxfords, and a Glengarry bonnet type of little pointed cap.

She is expected to be meticulous about her appearance (girdles and deodorants are indicated!), not to use cheap perfumes or sensational hose, to keep her hair smart but inconspicuous (long hanging bobs are frowned upon), and to steer clear of jewellery. Passengers should be treated, according to her code, like guests in a home. She may make up a hand of bridge, or help with a crossword puzzle or one of the magnetized games which will be added later on. But by the same token she doesn't have to put up with "propositioning" or any kind of unpleasantness. She has a knack of handling just such things simply and charmingly. Going out with passengers as a regular thing is discouraged. She has an array of sick aunts and aged mothers to forestall undesirable bids. While marriage among stewardesses has been the highest in any profession for women in the United States during the seven years of the service, very few alliances are with travellers.

If the general rate of romance in other parts of the world is any criterion there'll be something like a one-third turnover every year, and therefore a steady flow of opportunity in the direction of young graduating nurses. Incredible as it may seem, the average U. S. stewardess spends only 1.6 years in the service before resigning. And she usually marries someone in the business.

for TIRED ACHING FEET

● Rub "Vaseline" Jelly on the insteps and between the toes before retiring. See how marvellously it relieves tired, aching, itchy feet. Get the *genuine* product with the trade mark "Vaseline". Jars 10c, 15c, 25c. Handy tubes 25c.

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NEW CLINIC TESTED
MIRACLE RELIEF CORNS
Callouses, Bunions, Foot Irritations

Instantly Relieves Pain Wherever Shoe Rubs, Presses or Pinches!

Stop suffering! Get this world-famous foot authority's new discovery—the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! **630% SOFTER!** These soothing, flexible, Kurotex cushioned pads of fleecy softness instantly relieve painful corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes; stop friction and pressure on the sensitive spot; avoid "breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes.

New thin SEAL-TIP Scalloped Edge molds pad to toe; prevents wear and tear of sheer hosiery. Made with water-proof adhesive—don't come off in bath.

New Separate Graduated *Medications* included for quickly removing any size corns or callouses.

Big increase in quantity—NO EXTRA COST—15 Corn Pads and 12 Separate Medications only 35c box everywhere. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get this new relief today!

NEW *Super-Soft*
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

that never quite reached her, but that she heard, for all that. She had known herself that she had never been really popular; she had carried her honors with a great deal of supercilious disdain; and now there were many who were glad to tell around, with much relish, her part in what had happened at the pool. Those few who had been there at the very beginning were in the limelight now, their story retold and re-embellished until it seemed almost unfair to the hearers that it should contain no new elements to tell about. But Joan's part in the affair was restricted by no such bounding of facts; it was open to speculation and innuendo. Nobody said she had been afraid to dive in. They said instead:

"She was fixing her cap, wasn't she? That shows she was getting ready to dive in—the way she has, like a magazine advertisement, hundreds of times before. That doesn't look as if she thought at first the pool was dangerous, does it?" "And what Tony said to her—that proves he didn't think the pool was too dangerous for her. 'Why didn't you dive in?' That's what he said. That shows what he thought." "Well, what if the rest of us didn't dive in? That doesn't prove anything. I dive about as much as a rooster. We were on our way down, to slide in feet first. Besides, with Joan standing right there—"

But nobody said she had been afraid. But they did say, all of them, that Anthony had said to her, "Why didn't you go in? You might have done something then."

Poor Joan! At first she went to her meals and to class, and about the campus. But with all the talk about the accident, with all the chatter about Anthony's heroic effort to save his brother, nobody talked to Joan about it. After a day of it she hid in her room; but even there there was Alison, looking at her with tragic and condemning eyes—Alison, who had been allowed one look at that strange figure of a staring unconscious Everett, and had come away with the death of those eyes obliterating every other fact of life. Could Joan say to Alison, could she go about the campus telling each one of a thousand people who hadn't asked, "I wasn't afraid! I'm sure I wasn't, because I wasn't! Don't you remember that I was getting ready to dive in? I don't know why I didn't dive in. I don't know what was the matter!"

But she knew what it was. She knew that Alison knew what it was; that all the thousands of students who were telling each other how she had just stood there, knew what it was: it was failure in a critical instant. It was failure. All her looks, her money, her brains, her ability, her authority to lead—these were all nothing now against that three minutes. A three minutes, Joan told herself with anguish, that could have happened to any of them; that she prayed would some time happen to each of them, that they might understand what had happened to her.

But through it all Joan clung to the hope that Tony would try to call her, or see her. That he had forgotten for a while her existence, that was the last thing that occurred to her.

Of course the papers carried the

☆ *Continued on page 62*

WASHING MACHINE OWNERS! *TRY* NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL

...The Amazing New Soap That Washes Up to 25% Whiter Than Soaps Lacking Its New Miracle Ingredient...

Registered Trade Mark

THE instant you see how much *whiter* it washes *in your washer*—you'll join the thousands of delighted women who prefer new *High-Test* OXYDOL to all less modern soaps.

For new *High-Test* Oxydol is a "new-type" soap. It contains a remarkable *new ingredient,* and has been found to do these amazing things compared to less efficient soaps, when tested by an independent laboratory:

First:—It gets white clothes up to 25% *whiter.* Not merely whiter than "old-fashioned" soaps, but up to 25% whiter than well-known, advertised soaps that lack its new miracle ingredient.

Second:—It gives up to TWICE THE SUDS of these same soaps. Rich, energetic suds that stand up 2 to 3 times longer!

Yet is so SAFE that cotton prints, given the equivalent of *more than a full year's* normal washing, showed no perceptible sign of fading—stayed brilliant, fresh.

Especially important to washing machine users, new *High-Test* Oxydol has the power to soak out dirt while the washer is running—gives *double-action* wash.

In tub washing, its rapid action soaks dirt loose in as little as 10 minutes. *No boiling, no scrubbing.* Even tough spots come snowy white with a few quick rubs. Thus you save those weary hours of washboard drudgery. And clothes washed the scrubless Oxydol way last 2 to 3 times longer, from the standpoint of washday wear and tear.

High-Test Oxydol is economical, too. A single cup goes up to 25% farther—does up to ¼ more work—than equal amounts of less efficient soaps. Your dealer has new *High-Test* OXYDOL. Try it. Procter & Gamble.

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YOUR DEALER NOW HAS *NEW* *HIGH-TEST* OXYDOL
No change in the package but *What A Difference* in the soap!

He'll Sing his Best on Brock's!

TO keep him fit and healthy, to have him *feel* like singing, you must give him the clean, fresh seeds he loves, the seeds that are blended exactly right to give him the food essentials he needs — BROCK'S BIRD SEED.

Brock's is as perfect a diet as 40 years' experience in canary feeding can produce. Laboratory tested, perfectly balanced, sealed securely in a dust-tight package, Brock's Bird Seed is always fresh, clean, wholesome —AND IN EVERY PACKAGE THERE'S A "LIFT" FOR DICKY IN A *TREAT* CONTAINING *YEAST* TO TONE UP THE LITTLE SONGSTER'S SYSTEM.

•

FOR FREE BOOK
"Your Canary"
Simply cut box top from Brock's Bird Seed or Brock's Bird Gravel—send with your name and address to Nicholson & Brock, 123 George St., Toronto.

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FREE ADVICE
If there is anything you're not sure about regarding your canary, write Brock's Bird Clinic, 123 George St., Toronto.

•

B3

BROCK'S BIRD SEED and TREAT containing YEAST

Prepared for Service

Continued from page 11

3. There will be a new understanding of women's duties as citizens. Every woman taking part in the survey will feel that she is a working unit in a national project, and never again will she feel that existing conditions are none of her business. Even if war does not come, she will take a new interest in tax rates, public affairs, national policies. Miss Hyndman pointed out that every contribution to political thinking made by new parties has been criticism, but the way to overcome both criticism and the apathy which so often is the alternative, is to get people sharing the task of trying to solve national problems. It is easy enough to stand on the side-lines and kick, but those who once try doing things instead get a new perspective. Times will not be better for a long while yet, and if women learn to pull their weight solving economic problems, they may make important contributions.

4. Following the survey, there will probably be unprecedented interest in self-improvement among women. Those who have to admit to canvassers that they would be of no use to their country in an emergency will probably feel startled and rather ashamed. They will be anxious to enrol in classes for learning useful accomplishments, and some of the energy now expended over bridge tables in the afternoons may be employed more effectively.

On any one count, or on all four counts, national registration deserves the support of every loyal Canadian woman. ☆

The Other Brother

Continued from page 15

And then, with a cry, the boy threw up his arms over his head and broke into great sobs, stumbling blindly to an old couch that all his life had stood in the corner there.

James Marbury rose, and then he said, with a dreadful slowness, "Everett has been drowned?" And seemed to find in Anthony's terrible sobbing the only answer he needed.

He went over and put his hand on Anthony's shoulder, shaking it. "Anthony! Tell me. At the pool?"

Anthony grabbed at his father's hand, dragging at it, struggling to sit up, to control himself. "Don't go—Dad! Don't go! They are working on him—they've got a pulmotor and all—but it's too late. I almost saved him—but I was too late! He was under too long. Just crowds of people! Don't go!"

James Marbury said, "I must go. Anthony, you must find your mother." He looked out of the window, beyond which the swollen river and the swimming pool were. That was an ambulance now, crawling along. His hand gripped Anthony's hard. The ambulance was white. Just like this, old Aegeus had waited for his son Theseus to come home. The sails of his son's ship were to have been white, if Theseus were alive. The ambulance was white. But the sails of the ship had been black—and old Aegeus had thrown himself from a high rock—from a high rock—and drowned.

USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

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REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

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SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

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KILL MOTHS AND MOTH WORMS *with* **DI-CHLORICIDE** MERCK
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

HEY! I THOUGHT WE COULDN'T AFFORD NEW CURTAINS!

THEY'RE NOT NEW. I JUST USED TINTEX CURTAIN ECRU.

Smart, thrifty women everywhere greet springtime with fresh, new-looking curtains by using TINTEX CURTAIN ECRU. It puts new beauty in curtains—new charm in homes. Quick and easy to use —requires no boiling—costs only a few cents.

Let TINTEX CURTAIN ECRU help make your home more attractive. Buy it in the red and yellow package at your drug or department store.

Tintex
SPECIAL CURTAIN ECRU
THE BEAUTY-BATH FOR CURTAINS

The ambulance was almost at the house. James Marbury released his son Anthony's hand and strode out into the hall, out into the bright incongruous sunshine. Jerry leaped on him, as he hurried down the walk. The ambulance had seen him and stopped. They were waiting for him. Men were stepping from the ambulance, waiting for him; the street was crowded with quiet students, other men's sons, alive.

At the step of the ambulance James Marbury stopped. He must meet his son Everett.

James Marbury entered the ambulance. That still figure under the blanket, that was Everett. He looked down at his son, trying to fortify his heart for that first look. From under the blanket a hand turned feebly, and then the head on the white pillow, the head of Everett, moved, and the eyes opened, and Everett looked at his father, not seeing him.

FOR FOUR days Everett lay in his hospital bed, his eyes open and unseeing, while around him that world which had never considered him was concerned with little else. For four days the life that had been so precariously saved was in danger of flickering out in spite of everything. And in a great wheel that turned about Everett as a centre, all that world that he had known was changed toward him beyond his recognition. The little high school world of which he had been a part gathered in knots and couples to talk of him; a bulletin on the board was changed every morning and noon. About the campus, the words concussion, shock, submersion, water in the lungs, pneumonia, real or feared, operation, were repeated over and over.

But Everett neither knew nor cared. One day passed, and another, alike to him, unconscious of their passing. Unconscious, with laboring breath and laboring heart, he fought, unknowing that he fought, for life.

Anthony wouldn't even go on the campus. The immense publicity surrounding the accident, the constant questioning, the unwarranted atmosphere that he was now twice a hero, were beyond him to endure. For a while he ceased to be Anthony; he sat for the most part in Everett's room, trying to study, torn endlessly by the nightmare of useless regret.

As for Laura, she went through the days like one uncomprehending. Since that first day, when Lucy Wetherbee had telephoned and said, "Oh, Laura, what a terrible thing! At first I heard it was Anthony. I was so—Oh, my dear, I hope Everett's going to be all right!" something in Laura Marbury had broken. Because what Lucy Wetherbee hadn't said was what she, too, had thought. For an instant—for just an instant—she had thought it: "It isn't Anthony." And now she was living her days in an inner agony; it seemed to her that the very pain with which she suffered for Everett was something to which she was not entitled.

Only James Marbury went through the days steadfastly, his voice even, if a little monotonous, his eyes steady, if unseeing. A university world acknowledged silently that this was playing the game.

And Joan. Around that whispering campus, as days went by, went words

YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING, DECORATING AND FURNISHING

As Women Like It —

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THREE HUNDRED women recently gave to the world, in no indefinite terms, the things they do not want in the way of planning, constructing and furnishing a home.

Their taboos included odd-shaped windows, trick lighting, corner windows, interior glass doors, telephones in closets, slippery floors and modernistic architecture. All of which are noticeable by their absence in this house, which is a delightful example of modern traditional architecture adapted to our mode of living today.

A house of this style is flexible and allows latitude in choice and arrangement of rooms. There is no sham or pretence to the true modern traditional home, because it is genuine, honest and sedate, and further, not of passing mood, in spite of its present-day popularity. It can vie in functionalism with the best modern "machine to live in," as a study of the plans indicate.

Cross the threshold of this home and you will find the plan is unified and compact. The toilet and coat room are in strategic locations for the visitor.

The spacious staircase hall is the distributing centre from which access is had to all rooms throughout the house.

The buffer vestibule between kitchen and hall prevents premature disclosure of the menu for dinner to visitors upon their arrival.

Off this vestibule is a stairway to the basement which houses the heater fuel, storage, recreation room and laundry.

The thirteen-foot by twenty-two-foot living room, symmetrically planned for windows and fireplace, makes decoration and arrangement for furniture an easy problem to solve.

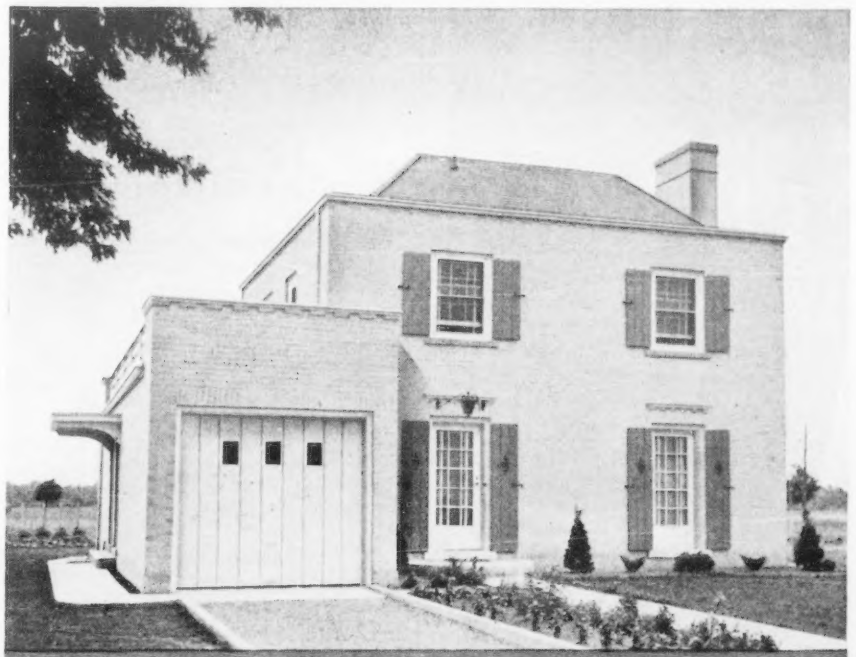
The bay window in the dining room is reminiscent of the one in the Terrace Club at the New York World's Fair. The effect created requires to be seen before it can be appreciated.

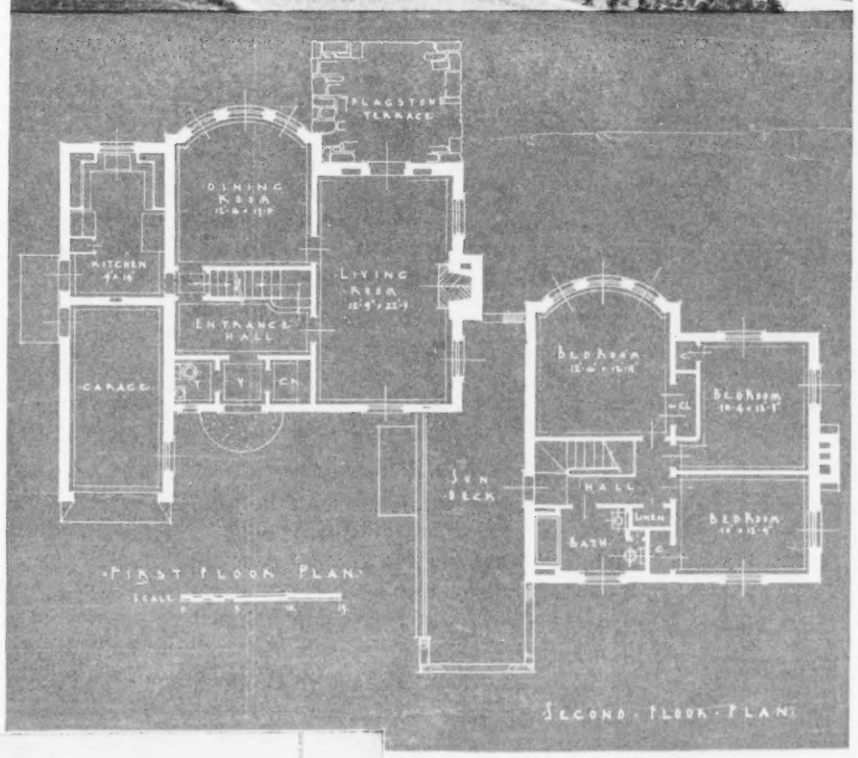
The kitchen with its convenient service entrance, close to the rear door of the garage, is a great convenience on rainy days, as also for unloading purchases brought home in one's car.

The bedroom floor is convenience personified, although it has only one bathroom. Each bedroom is cross ventilated and equipped with spacious clothes closets. The linen closet, approached from the stair hall, is where it should be. Labor involved in changing bed linen is reduced to a minimum.

The exterior in design is simplicity itself. There are no frills, stunts, or unnecessary embellishments. The brick platform, wrought-iron Georgian lamp and pierced shutters at front entrance give distinction and a welcome to all those who may enter.

The windows, based on Georgian design, dentilled parapet finish, copper gutters, flashings and ridge, with cedar wood shingles, finish off an ensemble worthy of the name of "home." ☆





Woman's judgment is exemplified in this very attractive home, notable for its economy in maintenance costs. In the first floor plan shown above the entrance hall is the hub of the whole house, providing easy access to all rooms. The second floor plan lends itself admirably to good placement of furniture and makes the best possible use of built-in cupboards. Both the living room and dining room (at left) feature smartly dressed windows, and the built-in bookcases in the living room are very effective. The house was designed by Greensides and Langley, architects, Toronto.

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FOR BETTER LIVING

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Prepare your Meals . . Help you Entertain . . Do your Housework . . and SAVE MONEY

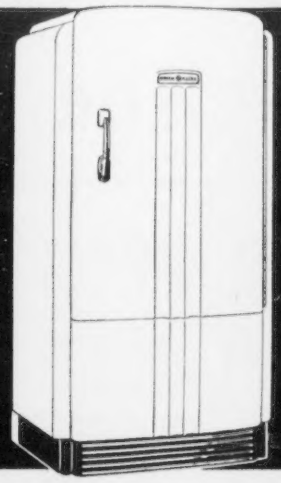
YOU'LL MARVEL how quickly you can do your housework with the aid of General Electric Appliances. Every day, they will give more time for relaxation, at less cost.

It's so exciting to cook a complete dinner automatically on a Hotpoint Hi-Speed Range—and you'll enjoy electric cooking that is clean, cool, fast and thrifty. Besides, the G-E Refrigerator will protect your perishables—save on food bills.

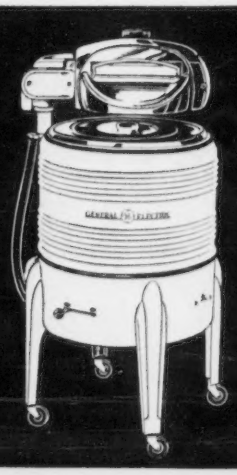
In your laundry, a General Electric Washer and Ironer will do all the hard work of the weekly wash—make the clothes look fresher and last longer—and reduce laundry bills to the minimum. A G-E Cleaner speeds up housework.

Decide now to see the many General Electric Appliances on display at leading electrical, department and hardware stores. Easy terms to suit your budget.

NEW HOTPOINT HI-SPEED RANGE—You'll find Hotpoint electric cookery is remarkably clean and cool—fast and thrifty. Hi-Speed Calrod Element Coils GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS. Many beautiful models to choose from. Priced as low as $99.50.



NEW G-E REFRIGERATOR—Every day it will save you money on food bills and electricity. 5-Year Protection Plan saves on upkeep. See the smart new General Electric's, priced as low as $179.50.



NEW G-E WASHER—The G-E Activator washes clothes as gently as with human hands. Saves drudgery. Saves money on laundry bills. Gives you more free time every week. $79.95 up.

G-E CLEANERS—Keep your rugs clean and fresh looking. Priced as low as $23.50.

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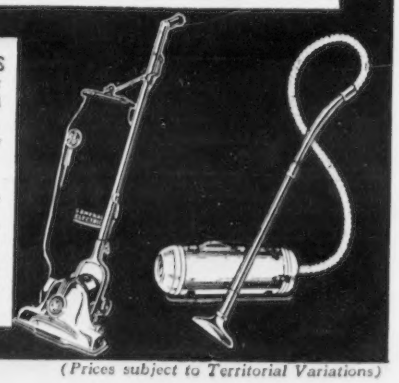


(Prices subject to Territorial Variations)

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co., Limited

E-39

Question—Three years ago we had a bathroom and bed-sitting room built. The walls of bedroom are plastered, the lower part marked as tiling, and of course now they are beginning to look soiled. I thought of painting them. The woodwork is finished in Douglas fir; floor, inlaid linoleum, in a green, black and fawn check. The window is on the east. What colors would be suitable for walls? Would it be advisable to have the lower tiled part in cream and top in light green?

The floor of the sitting room is in Douglas fir, natural finish and waxed. It now shows some bad heel marks. Please advise how it could be finished.

Answer—Paint walls, trim and wainscot in bathroom old ivory, door delft blue.

The only effective way of dealing with the Douglas fir floor in bed-sitting room is either to have it resurfaced, or finished with a hardener flat varnish and waxed.

☆☆

Question—I have sent you a first-floor plan of our house, giving size and location of rooms. Woodwork is white, except kitchen, which is ivory. I am planning to paper living room, dining room and probably kitchen, and to buy linoleum for living room. Am thinking of making double doorway between living room and dining room.

The living and dining room floors are dark green (painted) wide boards, none too even. I have a tapestry square on living room now with green background, but it is worn and hard to keep clean. I thought of putting the linoleum over the square.

Answer—Take down the partition between dining room and living room to a height of three feet from the floor. This will have the effect of increasing both rooms, at the same time keeping each room for its use. Bookshelves on the living room side and china and silver cupboards on the dining room side would be useful and look well. If you do this, paint the woodwork in both rooms, including doors, the same color. The paper with a background of old rose and the pattern of vertical stripes.

The linoleum could be jasper blue. In the dining room, cover the floor with thick building paper before laying the linoleum.

The kitchen would look well in ivory and dark jasper linoleum. Finish all paint a semigloss, not a bright gloss.

☆☆

Question—Would you be so kind as to give me a few suggestions for my living room? The walls are white plastered with green; beige chesterfield suite, rayon glass curtains, green, beige and brown horizontal stripe drapes on wooden poles, dark green shades. The floors are shellacked and waxed at present, but I would like a broadloom to the wall.

Are mirrors over fireplaces still in vogue? I like the bookcase arrangement you picture in November *Chatelaine*. Would it be appropriate each side of my fireplace?

Answer—Obtain a broadloom of putty color, or a colorful Indian drugget, to cover the floor entirely.

Mirror covering the whole of the fireplace wall above mantel is quite the fashion and looks exceedingly well.

Where the piano now is, have an occasional wall table with a table lamp of Chinese pottery base. Two spacious lounging chairs, one covered with the same material as the drapes, the other of putty-color sunproof repp.

Each chair should have a side table, one with a crystal lamp of cylindrical shape, and the other of plain blue pottery. One or two occasional side chairs would complete the room. Bookcases on either side of fireplace would look exceedingly well.

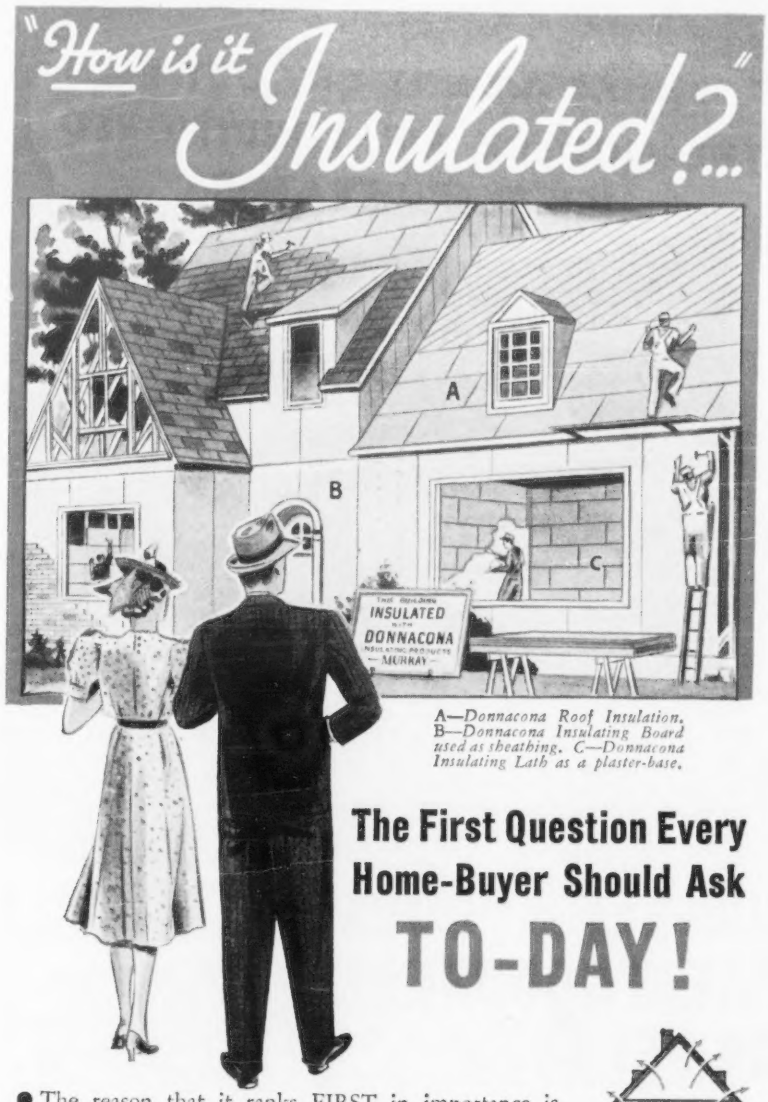
☆☆

Question — We are renovating our home. The room with a fireplace has created a problem for us. The fireplace is one for coal. The floor of the fireplace is small green tile. Around the metal are large gilt-tinted tiles. The woodwork is quite elaborate with a projecting mantel. We should like suggestions as to changing the woodwork, placing of bookshelves, papering or plastering the walls.

Answer—Eliminate the whole of the ornate woodwork and replace it with new, of an extremely simple design. The fireplace deleted or closed up, and the portion of the room it now occupies could have bookshelves two feet six inches from the floor.

Since the room has a north exposure have an apricot paper and the rug putty or beige. The cover of the studio couch in repp of canary color and black. ☆

The House Clinic is conducted by Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C. and any readers who have decorating or remodelling problems are invited to send them to: The House Clinic, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.



A—Donnacona Roof Insulation. B—Donnacona Insulating Board used as sheathing. C—Donnacona Insulating Lath as a plaster-base.

The First Question Every Home-Buyer Should Ask

TO-DAY!

● The reason that it ranks FIRST in importance is because *insulation* so vitally affects those essential features of COMFORT, LIVEABILITY, HEALTH and ECONOMICAL HEATING in the home you build or buy. Make sure that your home is *completely insulated*—walls, roof and each room individually.

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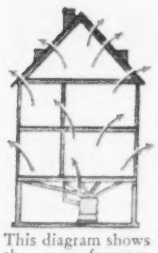

This diagram shows the way furnace heat escapes through walls and ceilings of ordinary construction.

This effectively illustrates the way Donnacona complete insulation stops heat wastage in the house.

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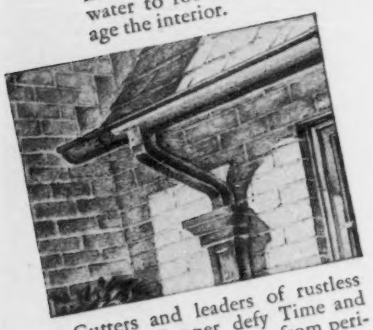
Anaconda Copper Flashings are ideal for weather-proofing the roof wherever it comes in contact with chimneys, dormer windows and other projections. In such places it is important that the metal used be copper. Flashings of rustable metal soon deteriorate, admitting water to rot woodwork and damage the interior.



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Anaconda Copper

Pointers for the Home

To clean enamelled sinks without roughening the enamel, use tri-sodium phosphate soap paste with a little kerosene.

☆☆

A good color symphony for a girl's bedroom has chair cushions in two shades of red. Walls and woodwork yellow - ivory rubbed with raw umber. The bedspread unbleached muslin dyed yellow-green.

☆☆

A mechanical water softener removes hardness and makes water soft for bathing, laundering and drinking. It also rids the water of deposits which are so hard on clothes, plumbing pipes and cooking utensils.

☆☆

A chromium tube bud vase with walnut base is the ideal fixture in which to display "one perfect bloom."

☆☆

When in doubt about color harmony for your rooms, remember — the following are color harmonics—yellow or vitrine with violet; red or russett with green; blue or slate with orange.

☆☆

Dusty, soiled candles may be rejuvenated by wiping with a cloth dampened in alcohol.

☆☆

A polished brass farmer's lantern is the thing for country homes and summer cottages. It is available for electrically wired homes or with standard flashlight batteries and bulbs.

A coat of brushing lacquer applied to wire clotheslines will prevent rust stains on your clothes.

☆☆

The gas industry exhibit at the New York World's Fair demonstrates a washing machine which washes the clothes, dries them, scours itself clean and then turns itself off. Without supervision of the housewife!

☆☆

A properly planned kitchen will save the average housewife ninety-five miles of walking in a year.

☆☆

Hand-cut crystal lamps—not the usual pressed or molded glass—are the vogue this year.

☆☆

Broadloom carpet is now obtainable in nine shades of color—grey, taupe, jade, royal blue, Havana brown, cocoa, apple green, forest green and cherry.

☆☆

The "cabranette" kitchen is a "four-in-one" marvel. Forty-eight inches wide, made of vitreous porcelain on steel, a refrigerator, storage cabinet, sink and range are all included in this one-piece unit of kitchen equipment.

☆☆

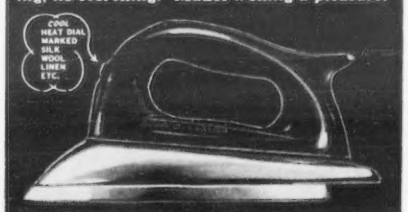
Some thoughtless youngsters secretively place dobs of chewing gum under a table or under the arm of a chair. Sometimes it falls on the rug, with ghastly results. The best way to remove gum from a rug is to rub it with cleaning fluid, which will remove both the gum and the stain. ☆

Don'ts

Don't have the front door unprotected. Have pity on guests who come on a rainy day, and provide sheltered entrance . . . Don't have off-sized windows in the same room. All should be of the same height . . . Don't have a limited wall space in the bedroom. Provide room for two beds and night table on one wall . . . Don't have laundry in basement. If on main floor it provides an easy way to the drying yard . . . Don't have one closet for husband and wife. It has been suggested this is a cause for divorce . . . Never have steps between rooms, they should be on one level. This means easy going for kiddie-car or tea cart . . . Don't have the pan cupboard low down. This will prevent standing on your head to get a utensil ready for use. Cupboards for pans should be well up from the floor. . . . Entrance and exit from garage should enable one to sail comfortably in or out without turning.

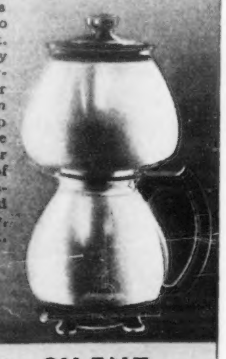
Sunbeam IRONMASTER

The only automatic iron with On-Off switch and Heat Regulator up in handle away from the heat—always cool, easy-to-see. Low heat for rayon in 30 seconds, high heat for heavy, damp linens in 2 ½ minutes. Sunbeam patented Double Automatic Heat Control—the only DOUBLE Automatic iron—heats faster and maintains desired heats *evenly* throughout ironing. No waiting, no scorching. Makes ironing a pleasure.



Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER

Unbreakable. Chrome plated inside and out. New automatic perfection—never any doubt about uniformly delicious results. Simply put water in lower vessel, coffee in top. Forget it. Come back any time, even hours later, coffee ready to serve, delicious, hot. Automatically brews coffee at correct temperature for correct time—*then sets itself* to keep coffee hot. Remove top vessel — lower one is the loveliest of servers. 8 cup capacity. Also supplied with matched tray, sugar and cream set.

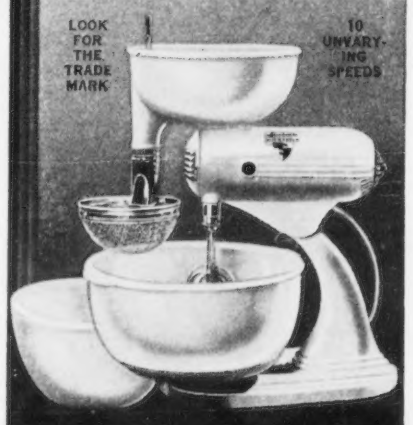


Sunbeam SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Fully Automatic—needs no watching. Uniformly delicious toast no matter how many slices. Set for light, medium or dark. Current shuts off and red signal light flashes out when toast is done. Keeps toast hot till you touch lever and take it. SILENT because Patented Double-Thermostatic toast-timing—no clockwork. "Tops" among toasters. Also supplied with smart buffet set.

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Gets you out of the kitchen quicker, feeling fresher—because it does all the tiring armwork. Better results too because of tireless EVEN mixing, which is the "success secret" of many a recipe. 10 speeds, a wide range giving correct speed for every purpose. Whether set slow or fast the beaters do not vary in speed as batter thickens. Motor and beaters lift off for use at stove, sink, etc. Two colour combinations: black and white, ivory and green.



THE BEST Sunbeam ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

At All Good Dealers in Electrical Appliances

One of the most popular variations of this type of home.

SMALL WONDER that the "Cape Cod Cottage" design is so popular for Canadian homes. Variations galore can be seen in many parts of the Dominion.

The one above with wide shingled siding, dormer-windows, and unassuming entrance is typical of the best, and home is written all over it.

The cosy corner in "mother's" room (at left) with its colonial paper, convex mirror, blue and cream striped "Regency" rayon coverings blend delightfully with the apricot broadloom carpeting.

The living room (lower left) with walls lined in white pine of various widths is reminiscent of the day of the Pilgrim Fathers. Note the simplicity of the fireplace.

In spite of a flavor of austerity, the bookshelves and writing desk make this room look as though it was lived in—not an emporium for "mass production household gods." The wide oak floor boards—pegged at joints—Oriental color in rugs and white leather armchair give all the individuality and distinction required.

The dining room (below) carries on the motif of this Cape Cod cottage design. Note how well the modern Venetian blinds can be used in a room designed in a period two centuries ago. Painted white pine is used for the window back and cupboards.

Extravagant costly furniture is not required in this room, which is emphasized by the fact of using rush bottom and well designed ladder back chairs. Ornamentation is restrained to the *n*th degree, and in consequence one could sit and eat with ease. ☆

The dining room uses pastel blue inside china shelves.

"Our Dream Home came out of a postman's bag!"

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J-M Cedargrain Asbestos Roofing Shingles . . . beautiful, weathered-wood appearance . . . can't burn, rot or wear out.

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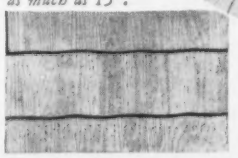

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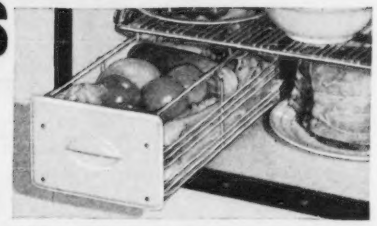
The all-important film of water which forms on the surface of melting ice provides the moisture that is absolutely necessary to retain the rich nutritive juices with which nature endows fresh meats and vegetables—to guard against loss of weight, shrinkage and wilting. It also washes the air clean of food odors which, in other types of refrigeration, is the common cause of exchange of food flavors.

Only melting ice in a modern Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator gives foods the two added safeguards of controlled moisture and clean washed air in addition to constant cold.



Melting ice automatically maintains throughout the entire refrigerator a constant circulation of fresh, moist, odor-free air. Wrapping or covering foods is not necessary.

Ask your Ice Serviceman how you can make all the ice cubes you want in the new Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator—in a few minutes. Pure, sparkling cubes of real ice!

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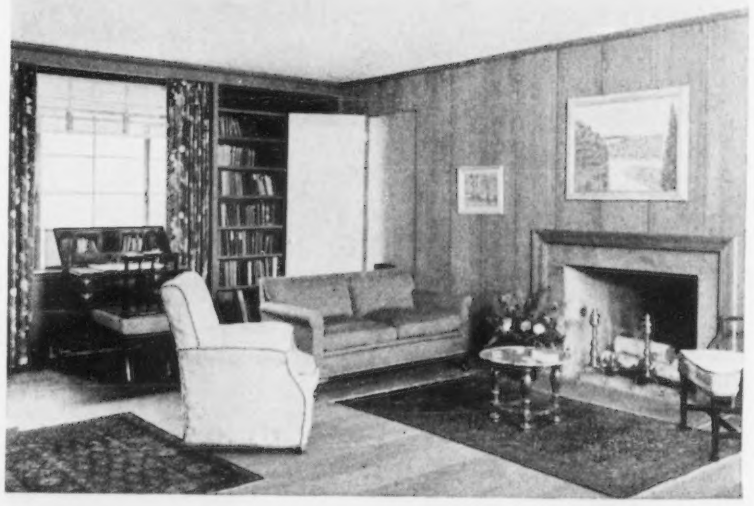
..only ICE gives Air Conditioned Refrigeration

Here's an Interesting House

Evan Parry describes the possibilities of using the "Cape Cod" cottage as a practical design for Canadian homes

Two of the charming interiors illustrate decorative ideas.



HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT-Conducted By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

It's smart to give useful gifts, especially when they look so handsome and conform to the spirit of modern housekeeping

Photograph by Milne Studios.

Stream-Lined Gifts

•

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

JUNE IS a good time to talk about electric appliances. The 1939 brides are thinking along this line, and adoring relatives are deciding that one or another of these streamlined housekeeping helps will solve the wedding-present question.

It's smart to give useful gifts, especially when they look so handsome and conform so thoroughly to the spirit of modern housekeeping. Toasters, coffee-makers, irons, grills, mixers, roasters, waffle irons—they're all products of our own generation, so it's no wonder that most of them are looked on as downright necessities by each new crop of homemakers.

Which to choose and how to choose it? If you're in the market for gifts, just make sure you don't duplicate somebody else's choice and it doesn't much matter which one you select—they'd be thrilled to have them all.

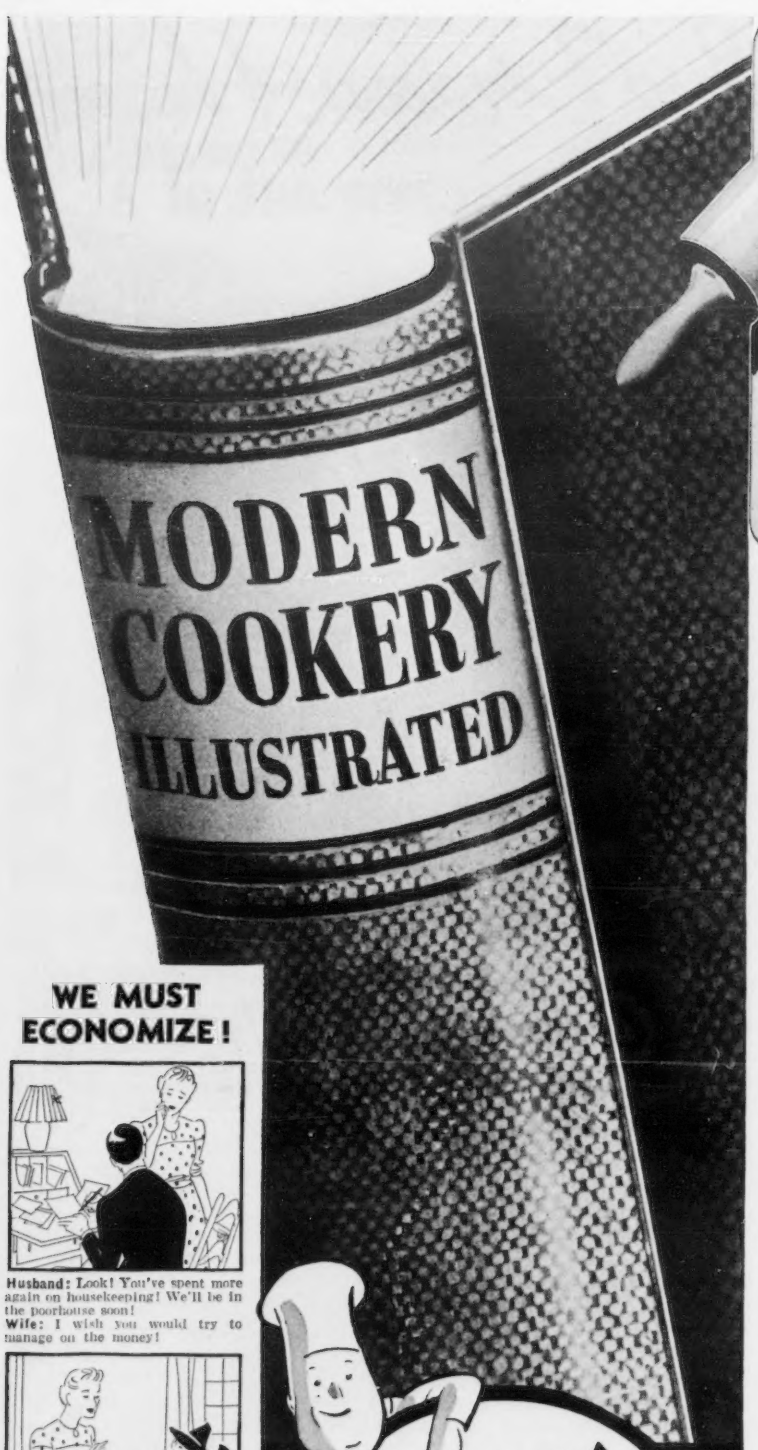
Toaster: If you think it's vital to begin the day as smoothly as possible, you'll probably help the young folks off to a good start with a shiny new toaster. The modern ones are a decoration for any breakfast table, turn out evenly browned slices with no delay and—if it's an automatic model—without even watching. A great help to early-morning dispositions and an inducement to eat a substantial breakfast.

It's as useful for other meals and for late snacks as it is for breakfast. So pick a good one. When we're testing a toaster at the Institute we look for good material and construction, efficient and economical operation. Checking the power consumption while in use, the temperature and, in the case of automatic toasters, the mechanism and efficiency of the timer are some of the laboratory tests. Convenience in handling and operating and ease of cleaning are practical points which get careful attention. And when we're satisfied, the Seal of Approval says so. Such services, coupled with the reliable guarantee of a reputable manufacturer, can help you make a wise choice. But when it comes to size and whether to get a trim, efficient little model at comparatively low cost or a gleaming masterpiece resplendent on a serving tray, complete with bread board and knife, dishes for butter and other spreads, you'll have to make up your own mind and check your bank balance.

Iron: This piece of equipment will smooth out more than the wrinkles in the family linens. It keeps the kinks out of backs and the furrows away from brows. The new models are lighter, faster and easier to handle. You'll find convenient switches to shut off the power without disconnecting the plug, temperature controls which can be set at the right point for whatever fabric is being ironed. Many of them name the various fabrics right on the control, so the uninitiated simply can't go wrong. There's little danger of setting the house on fire if you forget to turn off the iron; the control won't let it heat past the set point. These streamlined models have cool, comfortable handles, many with thumb rests, and the smooth, evenly heated surface glides easily in any direction over the material, nosing around buttons and into corners as nicely as you please.

Besides these practical features which come under the Institute's eye, there are laboratory tests to check the working efficiency of the iron. The rate of heating is determined by checking the time it takes a cold iron to reach the temperatures required for ironing various kinds of fabrics. A thermocouple placed in a small hole drilled in the shoe of the iron checks the temperature at which the electricity cuts off when the indicator is set at each point in its range.

The amount of current consumed is measured with the iron in actual use. Various fabrics are ironed, and the consumption of current is checked for each type of material. In these tests, too, we find out whether or not the iron has a capacity sufficient ☆ *Continued on page 61*



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AMAZING NEW COOK BOOK

that saves money and ensures successful cookery

HERE for every reader of Chatelaine is the greatest and most valuable work for the home and the family ever to be produced. It is an amazing new Cook Book—a volume entirely differen from any other Cook Book you have ever seen. It is "MODERN COOKERY ILLUSTRATED" containing over 2,000 tested Money-Saving easy-to-follow recipes — thousands of valuable new economic ideas, secrets, hints and tips—640 big pages — nearly 400,000 words — scores and scores of unique "how-to-do-it" photographs, charts and diagrams, and a quick-to-see A-Z index. This work is available to every Chatelaine reader who applies at once—at the astonishingly low privilege price of only $1.39, plus 25 cents which includes cost of postage, packing and insurance. (Air Mail postage extra if required). Supplies are strictly limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. As soon as the supplies of this work are exhausted, this offer will definitely be withdrawn. Send in your Order to-day on the forms below at once.

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"Modern Cookery Illustrated" has been specially compiled and edited by one of the most famous English cookery experts, Lydia Chatterton. Every chapter, every recipe, every word, is the result of many years experience, careful research and experiment. The work has been planned throughout on an entirely new basis and is the first great successful effort to be made to show housewives how to beat the high cost of living—how, with straightforward new ideas, brilliant yet simple ways and means, they can begin right away to save hard cash every day, yet produce an immense variety of dishes. In no other book can you get all these ideas.

"Can't-Go-Wrong" Recipes

The over 2,000 recipes in this great book are the biggest and most useful contribution to perfect and economical home cooking ever made. Just think! Here are recipes for every kind of food and every type of meal. Every recipe has been tried, tested and proved under ordinary kitchen conditions. You simply can't go wrong. In short, these recipes provide the world's greatest collection of ideas for getting the best out of food, the most out of money, and for keeping the family contented and well nourished.

The illustrations in this work have been specially prepared and form the most valuable, most helpful collection ever to be found in one book. They include a unique series of "Cinema" lessons showing each stage in the making of many important dishes and step-by-step pictures of the way to carry out such awkward tasks as plucking and trussing a chicken, carving, etc.

Invaluable Information

You can become an expert pastry-cook, and turn out the lightest, daintiest cakes (large and small), biscuits, tarts, pies, confectionery, etc., etc. You will find invaluable information on the selection and cooking of joints, meats, fish, poultry, game. You will learn how to make the best use of all kinds of fresh vegetables and fruits. You will find many new and inexpensive ideas in the preparation of puddings, tarts, pies, jellies, etc., etc. Other sections in this work deal with cooking for children and invalids—preservation of and bottling Fruit and Vegetables—how to store without waste—the Efficient Management of the Kitchen—General Household Hints—a splendid money-saving guide to thrifty shopping, etc.

In addition "Modern Cookery Illustrated" contains a big "why-did-it-go-wrong" section in which scores and scores of cooking problems are fully and authoritatively explained.

"Modern Cookery Illustrated" is a magnificent, large-sized book. Its 640 pages are of beautiful white ivory finish paper with special glossy surface that perfectly reproduces the unique illustrations. The text is printed throughout in large clear-face type and the recipes are printed in extra-bold type. A detailed A-to-Z Index enables you to find every recipe at a glance. The book is 8¾ in. deep by 5⅞ in. wide. It is durably and handsomely bound in stiff covers of hard-wearing canvas crash, with the title beautifully embossed on the front and spine, to harmonize with the binding.

Send for your copy of this great cook book to-day! A limited supply has been ordered —make sure that you secure your copy at this astoundingly low price!

WE MUST ECONOMIZE!

Husband: Look! You've spent more again on housekeeping! We'll be in the poorhouse soon!
Wife: I wish you would try to manage on the money!

Wife: My husband grumbles, but you know how prices are. You can't get good food for less.
Friend: Cheer up! I've got good news . . . .

Wife: I'm glad I heard about "Modern Cookery Illustrated." It really is a money-saver . . . and delicious dishes. Hubby's getting a big surprise!

Husband: This is fine darling; your new money-saving cookery book is buying our seats. And that was a grand meal tonight!

WIVES! READ THIS

Below are a few of the subjects dealt with—

SOUPS: Stocks. Garnishes.
FISH: Methods of Cooking.
MEAT: Timetable for Cooking Beef, Mutton and Lamb, Veal, Pork Dishes that make a little meat go a very long way.
NEW DISHES FROM LEFT - OVERS. Stale Bread, Sour Milk, Cake, Potatoes, Fish, Meat, Poultry and Game, Vegetables, Puddings.
SAUCES. Forcemeats and Savoury Butters. Table of Sauces. Sweet Sauces.
POULTRY: Game, Hares and Rabbits. Garnishes and Timetable.
VEGETABLES: Timetable, Vegetarian Dishes, Salads and Salad Dressings.
PASTRIES: Savory Pastries, Sweet Pastries.
HOT PUDDINGS: Baked Puddings, Boiled and Steamed Puddings, Batter Puddings.
COLD PUDDINGS AND DESSERTS. FRUIT: Fruit Cocktails, Fruit Dishes.
BREAD, SCONES & BUNS, CAKES: Large Cakes, Small Cakes, etc.
CANDY MAKING. Jams and other Preserves, Jellies and Marmalades.
THE KITCHEN: Ranges, Equipment for Cooking, The Store-cupboard, The Larder, Washing-up.
MARKETING: Food Calendar, Food Charts, Garnishing and Serving, Food for Health.
THE TABLE, CARVING: Fish, Beef, Mutton and Lamb, Pork, Veal, Poultry and Game.
PRESERVING FRUIT and VEGETABLES. Fruit (to dry), Vegetables and Herbs (to dry), Fruit (to bottle), Vegetables (to bottle).
Diabetic Diet, Anaemia Diet.

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Please send me ..... copies of Modern Cookery Illustrated at $1.39 per copy, plus 25 cents per copy to cover special packing, mailing and insurance. I enclose my remittance for $.....

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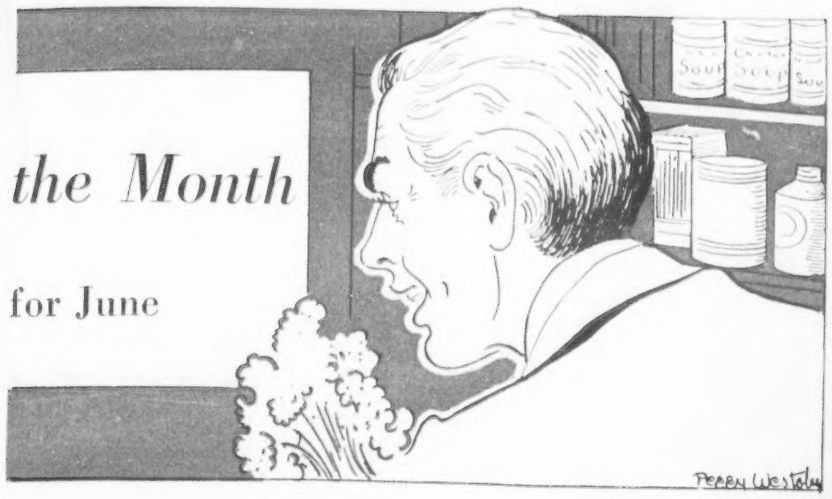


the Month

for June

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
16	Cereal with Raisins Coffee Cake — Honey Coffee — Tea	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Canned Berries Cookies Tea — Cocoa	Fried Perch or Pickerel Lemon Sections Hashed Brown Potatoes Grilled Tomatoes Diced Pineapple — Cake Coffee — Tea
17	Grapefruit Cereal Toast — Jam Coffee — Tea	Pepperpot Soup Vegetable Salad Trifle Tea — Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Molded Coffee Whip Coffee — Tea
18	*(Sunday)* Strawberries Waffles with Syrup Bacon Curls Coffee — Tea	Asparagus with Hollandaise Brown Rolls Cheese and Crackers Chilled Watermelon Tea — Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Grape or Currant Jelly Baked Potatoes Carrots and Peas Fruit Ice Cream Iced Layer Cake Coffee — Tea
19	Orange Juice Cereal Toast — Jam Coffee — Tea	Cold Veal Loaf Pickles Potato Salad Prunes — Cake (from Sunday) Tea — Cocoa	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Cole Slaw Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee — Tea
20	Sliced Bananas Scrambled Eggs Toast — Jelly Coffee — Tea	Canned Salmon Salad Rolls Almond Rennet Custard Tea — Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Dandelion Greens Rhubarb Crisp Coffee — Tea
21	Grape Juice Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee — Tea	Liver and Bacon Chili Sauce Potato Chips Strawberries — Ice Box Cookies Tea — Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Roast Lamb Potato Cakes Creamed Celery Steamed Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee — Tea
22	Prunes with Cinnamon Cereal Toast — Jam Coffee — Tea	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Whole Wheat Bread Banana and Nut Salad Tea — Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Scalloped Potatoes Diced Beets Orange Tapioca Coffee — Tea
23	Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast — Conserve Coffee — Tea	Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Dill Pickles Fresh Pineapple Chocolate Cake Tea — Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes New Cabbage Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee — Tea
24	Oranges Cereal Plain Muffins — Honey Coffee — Tea	Welsh Rarebit Lettuce with French Dressing Stewed Rhubarb Tea — Cocoa	Celery Soup Hamburgers and Fried Onions Pan-fried Potatoes Green Beans Maple Dumplings Coffee — Tea
25	*(Sunday)* Half Grapefruit Ham and Eggs Toast — Jelly Coffee — Tea	Jellied Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Pecan Tarts Tea — Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes — Asparagus Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Wafers Coffee — Tea
26	Fruit Cup Cereal Toast — Marmalade Coffee — Tea	Baked Corn Pudding Toasted Muffins (from Sunday) Canned Pears Ginger Cookies Tea — Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Grilled Tomato Slices Banana Fritters Lemon Sauce Coffee — Tea
27	Pineapple Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee — Tea	Pork and Beans Celery — Radishes Strawberries and Cream Tea — Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes — Salad Bowl Creamy Rice Coffee — Tea
28	Cereal with Strawberries Toast — Jam Coffee — Tea	Pan-fried Small Fish Lemon Sections Slice Tomatoes and Cucumber Hot Biscuits — Honey Tea — Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Pot Roast Savory Rice — Green Beans Baked Custard Coffee — Tea
29	Orange Juice Cereal Toast — Jelly Coffee — Tea	Shepherd's Pie Catsup Fresh Fruit Salad Nut Bread Tea — Cocoa	Baked Sausages Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Onions Raisin Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee — Tea
30	Chilled Watermelon Fried Eggs Toast Coffee — Tea	Scalloped Sea-food Brown Rolls Fruit Jelly Whip Tea — Cocoa	Clam Chowder Noodle Ring with Creamed Mushrooms Fresh Lima Beans Harvard Beets Fresh Cherry Rolypoly Coffee — Tea

are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

Sturdy Healthy Bodies!

Watch your youngsters burn up energy. They need the right elements in their food to build up reserves and develop strong sturdy bodies. Mothers find a powerful ally in Ovaltine, because it contains in concentrated form, the needful nourishment for growing children. Ovaltine nourishes body, nerves and brain. Added to hot milk it makes a delicious beverage that promotes sturdy growth, strong bones and sound teeth. Give Ovaltine to *your* children at meals, after school and at bedtime. Take it yourself, too, particularly at bedtime and see how it helps you to drop off quickly into a sound, restful sleep.

Ovaltine is a concentrated food made from special barley malt extract, fresh milk and eggs, and lightly flavored with cocoa.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
MADE IN PETERBOROUGH, CANADA, BY A. WANDER LIMITED

A bigger SUCCESS *than his Dad—maybe!*

NOW

is the time to make sure— so much depends on the health he builds up in his formative years

Naturally, parents want their children to go further, be more successful than they were. Yet, today's highly competitive world demands men and women with more strength and alertness of mind than ever. Such things cannot be acquired overnight. *It's up to mothers* to see that their children develop keen minds in active bodies.

Encourage your children to follow these simple rules of healthful living

1. ***Outdoor exercise and play:*** **Sunlight, fresh air, and exercise are the best tonics for your children. Play develops muscles and the ability to meet competition.**
2. ***Correct clothing:*** **Tight, constricting clothing is unhealthful. Watch your fast-growing children carefully. Be sure clothes, and especially shoes, are big enough.**
3. ***Plenty of sleep:*** **School-age children should sleep at least ten hours a day with windows open and light, though warm, coverings.**
4. ***Proper diet:*** **Give your children plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, and, of course, whole wheat. They'll enjoy whole wheat in the form of delicious, tasty Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT. These crisp, crunchy flakes contain many vital elements children need. Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT is richer than most cereals in protein, vitamin B_1, iron, and phosphorus—all important parts of an evenly-balanced diet. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT today. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.**

Here's the Actual Nourishment Your Child Gets from ALL-WHEAT:

Protein (to build and repair tissue)	8.0%
Carbohydrate (for energy)	82.8%
Fiber (a source of bulk)	1.9%
Ash (with valuable minerals)	4.4%
Cereal oils (for fuel)	1.3%
Moisture	1.6%

HELPS BUILD CHILDREN *NOW* FOR SUCCESS IN FUTURE YEARS

Meals of

Thirty Menus

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Half Grapefruit Cereal Scones, Marmalade Coffee, Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Brown Toast Fresh Pineapple Sponge Drops Tea, Cocoa	Grilled Steaks Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Maple Tapioca Pudding Coffee, Tea
2	Rhubarb Juice Fish Cakes Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Jellied Spring Salad Stewed Apricots Cookies Tea, Cocoa	Baked Fresh Lake Trout Parsley Potatoes Spinach Vanilla Ice Cream Pineapple Sauce Coffee, Tea
3	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Bacon Pan-fried Potatoes Green Onions Apricot Whip Tea, Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes, Carrots Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee, Tea
4	*(Sunday)* Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee, Tea	Toasted Cheese Rolls Assorted Sandwiches Celery, Radishes Strawberries and Cream Cake Tea, Cocoa	Rolled Roast of Beef Horse-radish Browned Potatoes Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee, Tea
5	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast, Jam Coffee, Tea	Hot Canned Spaghetti Brown Bread and Butter Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cake (from Sunday) Tea, Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Peas Blancmange with Red Jelly Coffee, Tea
6	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bacon, Marmalade Toast Coffee, Tea	Beef Turnovers Brown Gravy Lettuce Salad Canned Peaches Tea, Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Mixed Fruit Cup Plain Cake Coffee, Tea
7	Orange Juice Cereal Fried Small Fish Toast Coffee, Tea	Bean Soup Crackers, Cheese Muffins, Maple Syrup Tea, Cocoa	Dressed Heart Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Snow Coffee, Tea
8	Fresh Pineapple Cereal Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee, Tea	Cold Sliced Heart Pickles Lyonnaise Potatoes Stewed Rhubarb Tea, Cocoa	Veal Stew with Vegetables Dumplings, Green Salad Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee, Tea
9	Grapefruit Juice Pancakes and Syrup Coffee, Tea	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Mixed Fruit Salad Sweet Rolls Tea, Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce New Potatoes, Beet Greens Gingerbread, Hard Sauce Coffee, Tea
10	Orange Halves Cereal Toast, Conserve Coffee, Tea	Salmon (from Friday) and Cucumber Salad Apple Sauce Iced Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea, Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Buttered Beets, Cabbage Fruit Jelly, Custard Sauce Coffee, Tea
11	*(Sunday)* Orange and Pineapple Juice Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Chicken Soup Biscuits Assorted Relishes Banana, Prune and Peanut Butter Salad Pecan Roll Tea, Cocoa	Baked Back Bacon Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Strawberry Shortcake Coffee, Tea
12	Prune Juice with Lemon Bread and Milk Bran Muffins, Jam Coffee, Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Vegetable Slaw Half Grapefruit Tea, Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Back Bacon Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions Marshmallow Custard Coffee, Tea
13	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast, Marmalade Coffee, Tea	Baked Stuffed Potatoes (use chopped left-over bacon) Fresh Pineapple Spice Cup Cakes Tea, Cocoa	Veal Birds Scalloped Corn, Peas Chocolate Pie Coffee, Tea
14	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast, Fruit Coffee, Tea	Sliced Bologna Fried Potatoes Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Lemon Tarts Tea, Cocoa	Scotch Broth Baked Potato Cakes Asparagus with Hollandaise Carrots, Spinach Johnny Cake, Maple Syrup Coffee, Tea
15	Sliced Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Toast, Jelly Coffee, Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Bran Muffins Watermelon Tea, Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes, Wax Beans Prune Whip, Custard Sauce Coffee, Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks

Can you picture a better gift for a BRIDE-TO-BE?

THIS BIG 15-PIECE SET of Pyrex ware makes a perfect shower gift! Includes casserole with pie plate cover, loaf pan, two pie plates, utility dish, open baker, teapot, measuring cup, and six custard cups. $10.95 a year ago. Today (gift packed) only **$6.35**

LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT? See the grand new Pyrex all-glass teakettle! Does extra duty as pitcher, soup kettle, or for refrigerator storage. Holds 80 ozs. Only..... **$4.35**

GRAND START for the bride! This new 8-piece set includes 48 oz. casserole with pie plate cover and six rimless custard cups. Set, in attractive pack, only..... **$1.35**

OVENWARE PRICES 30% TO 55% LOWER THAN LAST YEAR!

DON'T FORGET Pyrex ovenware prices are now 30% to 55% lower than last year! The quality is absolutely the same and the thrill of owning and using it hasn't changed a bit! Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

Sole Canadian distributors:
JOHN A. HUSTON CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

Be a better cook with
PYREX
BRAND
OVENWARE • FLAMEWARE

simple in design but a bit lavish in decoration, according to the setting and the effect you're after. For a plain, dark fabric, try stitching rows of white braid in clusters of three diagonally across the top. Have plain, overhanging sides, the join and upturned hem finished with white cording. Oyster-colored basket weave with navy brush fringe trimming, crisp organdie with a hemstitched scallop design, glazed chintz with plain bandings are other ideas for summer dress.

Monograms are a high fashion note, attractive in contrasting color or plain material. This daffodil yellow silk has deep brown letters appliquéd in the centre, matching the cording on the full-fashioned frill. It is all simply done on your sewing machine with a cording foot and a zigzagger to make a neat, flat, and sturdy job on the appliqué. Use embroidery hoops and guide by hand as the gadget places the stitches in zigzag fashion, first on one side, then on the other.

Dressing Tables — These may match the curtains, the bedspread; or both. Or they may set the key to the room's decoration, providing the main point of interest. The skirt may be pleated, box pleated, frilled or quilted, of plain or figured material, straight hanging, or looped up to show a flounced petticoat beneath. Here is a suggestion — polka - dotted gingham quilted between the rows, the bottom and front edges scalloped and bound. Make the skirt in two parts, one overlapping the other and fasten with bone buttons and buttonholes. Or have a double frill on your dressing table, the underneath one trimmed with rows of embroidery frills, the top one figured glazed chintz or rayon, cut in very deep scallops and finished with two rows of inch-wide ruffles. Striped cotton, shirred at the top with two rows of cording placed two inches apart to hold it in place, and a corded binding at the bottom; dotted Swiss muslin, lace betrimmed and gathered over a bright foundation: Crash, fringed, all around and finished with braid; pastel linens with three rows of fine cord in a deeper shade to match the glass curtains shown here; or taffeta with ball trimming to repeat the drapery theme—these are other ideas for dressing your dressing tables becomingly. ☆

Streamlined Gifts

Continued from page 57

to maintain the required temperature when ironing heavy, damp materials.

All of which may seem like a lot of trouble to take for an iron. But we do it so brides may sing through their ironing and bless you for picking out such a satisfactory present.

Mixer: This versatile labor-saver is hailed with cheers when excited hands separate it from gift wrappings. It's next best to having a trained servant in the kitchen, especially if it arrives with all its attachments. It's worth while planning a special spot in the kitchen where the mixer can conveniently wait for the many demands which will be made on it. Good-looking and easily kept that way, guaranteed by a reliable manufacturer, they're a joy to behold and a comfort to possess.

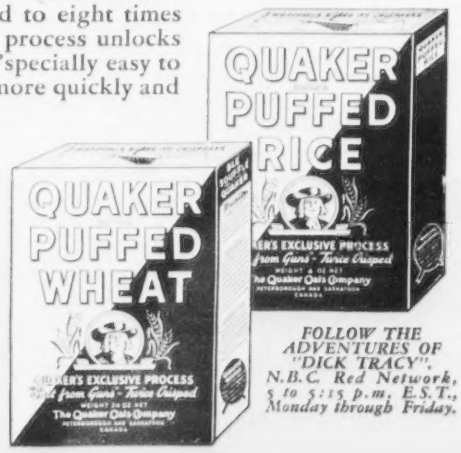
Institute tests on this piece of equip-

FREE! A valuable merchandise coupon in every package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. Write for your *free* copy of the New Quaker Premium Catalogue No. 11 (cancels all previous catalogues). The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough, Ont.

YOUR family will love the rich, full, nut-like flavour, the twice-crisped, crunchy goodness of these two deliciously *different* breakfast treats! They'll like them too, as a 'tween-meal snack, and at bedtime.

Each nourishing kernel of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice is exploded to eight times normal size. This amazing Quaker process unlocks the tiny food cells . . . makes them 'specially easy to digest . . . you get their food energy more quickly and easily . . . energy you need to be active, wide awake.

For variety . . . Eat Quaker Puffed Wheat one day, and Quaker Puffed Rice the next! Order them from your grocer today!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF "DICK TRACY". N.B.C. Red Network, 5 to 5:15 p.m., E.S.T., Monday through Friday.

TRIPLE-SEALED for Perfect FRESHNESS!

Furnishings Take a Trimming

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Photographs by Milne Studios.

THESE ARE busy days for June brides. The whir of their sewing machines is heard over all the land, fashioning smart costumes for themselves, making curtains, draperies, slip covers, and putting the finishing touches on apparel for new homes.

Windows, tables, beds, chairs, and what have you, all take a trimming at the hands of clever and thrifty chatelaines-to-be. For doesn't every bride take as much pride in her furnishings as she does in her trousseau? And isn't a bit of decoration as important to them as the lipstick to her own face or the parsley to her salad?

Glass Curtains—Diaphanous muslins, scrims, nets, voiles and other sheers, are measured, cut, and sewn into glass curtains for any or every window. Hems may be tailored with tucking, fancy with frills, or dolled up in some other appropriate way. Two rows of rickrack braid stitched in straight lines and a corner curlicue, is simple and practical trimming for sill-length curtains to hang in kitchens, bath or bedrooms. Or three rows of fine cord in contrasting color applied with the zigzagger, an inexpensive little attachment which serves this and many other decorative purposes. Clusters of tucking give a tailored, streamlined effect and with a tucker are easy to accomplish. Do your stitching before turning the hem and you get an attractive corner suitable for any thin material.

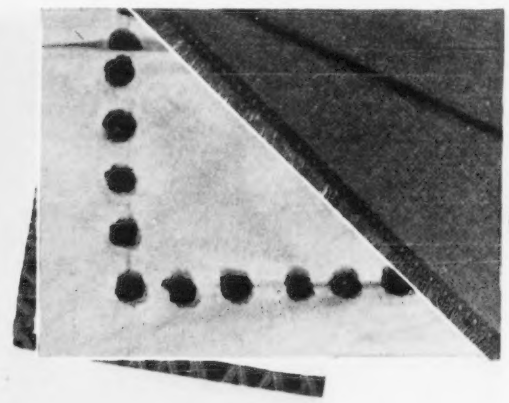
The insertion shown here in a linen hanging is also a satisfactory trim for sheer fabrics. It is made from bias tape, first stitched, then wound diagonally around another sewing-machine attachment, and sewn between the double fold which makes the hem. Next, join to the curtain with a simple row of stitching. Another idea is to dispense with the hem altogether and use your trim as an edging and tie-back instead of an insert. Inexpensive but effective, and as easy as rolling off a log. Capable, too, of many variations, for you can make your curtains all white, or use a tape of any color which carries out your scheme.

If you like fluffy ruffles at the window, trim your glass curtains with frills, picot-edged or hemstitched. But whatever material, style, or trimming you choose, keep in mind the laundering required for a spick-and-span appearance. Design your window's dress to look as well after frequent tubbings as it does when new.

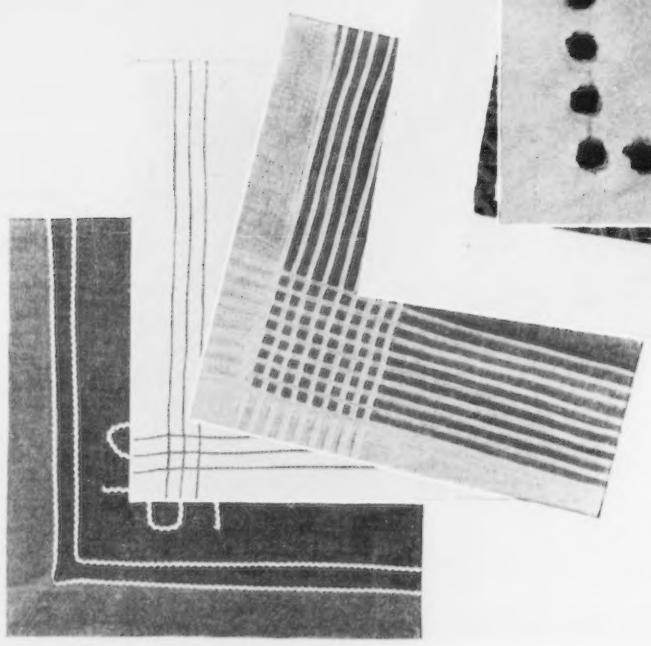
Overdraperies—Fabrics should be selected according to the size, style and location of the window. In the kitchen and bathroom, for instance, simple, washable hangings are most practical. Cottons, linens and rayon materials are suitable for bedrooms, while these and many other fabrics have a place in more formal rooms. As a rule they are hung straight or tied back, the valance, or heading, and the decorative trim giving distinction and smartness. The tufted balls in the illustration are set in rows on a pair of taffeta draperies, and provide an attractive finish. They are fashioned from brush fringe made on the sewing machine, cut in about two-inch lengths, rolled by hand, and stitched through the centre. Then fluffed up to look perky.

Brush fringe itself is a popular edging for draperies, tie-backs, and valances, plain fringe is used to good effect on some materials, and simple bindings of contrasting color on others. Summer hangings of colored linen, for example, might have a scalloped edge bound with white or a contrasting shade, and finished with a pinch-pleated heading. Or give them a straight edge and a scalloped valance.

Bedspreads—Cool-looking beds are conducive to a crisp appearance in the daytime and restful slumber by night. Cotton, light silk, or washable textured fabrics are seasonable, as well as smart and inexpensive. The spread for your modern bed may be severely tailored, in another room it may be flounced and frilly, and in still another, ☆ *Continued on next page*



Monograms are easily applied and are smart trimming for bedspreads.



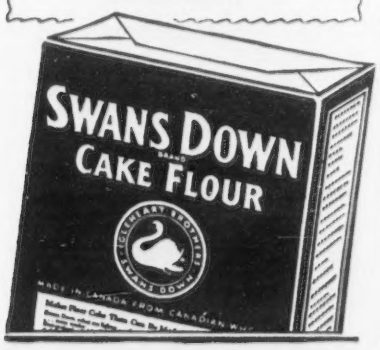
Here's a group of decorative edges for your summer curtains.

He Married an Angel!

"Boy! Annabella's Angel Cake is downright *delicious* right to the last velvety crumb!" says Amiable Ambrose, "ordinary cake may be all right for some people, but I'm glad my wife's a real Cook—she always uses Swans Down—and the wonderful results she gets!"

Mrs. Ambrose knows that Swans Down is carefully made from the softest of selected Canadian winter wheat, ground and re-ground, sifted and re-sifted through silk until it's actually 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Swans Down's excellence ensures success if you follow the directions. Novice or expert, you'll find that Friend Husband will rave over your cakes if they're made with Swans Down! And it's economical too, because Swans Down guarantees no waste of other ingredients. S-69

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN SWANS DOWN HISTORY!



—I think if I could just speak to Eve again. Just once. Just tell him—" His mouth closed hard; the muscles in his jaw were rigid with the effort to control them.

"Tony, dear. I'm going over to the hospital now. Will you come with me?"

"I can't, Aunt Margaret. He just lies there—"

"All right, darling."

She looked at him, in her eyes affection, comfort, pity. And he looked back at her. He was struggling to say something, fighting against breaking down. Finally he said, "I want to warn you. His eyes are open." And turning away, he covered his face with his hands.

Margaret went alone. She did not tell even Laura she was going. Enquiring at the desk for Everett's room, she was startled to have a girl who was standing there turn to her.

"Are you his Aunt Margaret? I'm Alison Blake. May I go with you? They won't let me go alone."

So this was Alison Blake, a slender young thing in rose and white, with grey eyes and a clear oval face below soft dark hair; a girl delicate and fine. Could this really be the girl that Laura was so incensed about?

They went up in an elevator, and along a corridor, and with precautions from the nurse they went softly in until they stood by the bed. Margaret heard beside her a strangled gasp, and indeed she could hardly restrain her own. For in spite of Tony's warning, there was something terrible in seeing him lying there, Everett but not Everett, his eyes open, empty of knowledge, staring without sight.

Slowly, hesitantly, the girl put out a hand and touched for a moment that smooth unwrinkled sheet where it turned down so neatly over the smooth unwrinkled spread. There was such yearning in the gesture, as if she begged that quiet figure to stir.

"If I could just speak to him once," she whispered brokenly. "If I could just tell him—tell him—"

Margaret continued to stare at that emptied figure. "That's what we always feel," she whispered sadly. "We always wish we hadn't been so—stingy—with ourselves."

Alison turned to her, her eyes thick with tears. "Don't blame me!" she said. "Don't you blame me! I was trying to be—fair. But two brothers—can't you see? I couldn't do that." Then her eyes cleared. "Perhaps you don't understand—"

"Yes, I understand. Everett told me. Anthony, too."

The girl's lips were trembling, her chin working. "I wanted him to be happy. He should have wanted someone else."

I thought so too, thought Margaret. But now I'm not so sure.

It was a silent trip home, but as Margaret neared the house she said to Alison, "And Anthony?"

"Tony?" The grey eyes looked clearly into Margaret's a moment. "I shouldn't think it would be necessary to explain Tony." The eyes turned away.

Margaret thought of Everett, lying with empty eyes, of Tony, his head in his hands. Both dear. "Are you telling me you love them both?"

Again the eyes regarded her. "Does that seem strange to you?"

☆ *Continued on page 65*

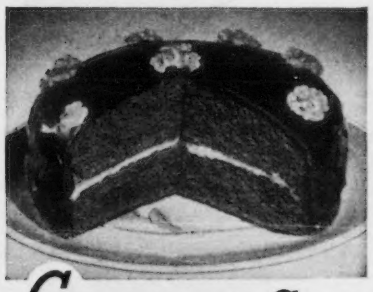
MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher

IS THERE really a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it afterward? There is, if it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. The better way is to get at the cause and prevent the trouble—with that crisp, crunchy, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran. For All-Bran supplies just the "bulk" you need. Eat it with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't a whole lot brighter! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada. In two convenient size packages at all grocers.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

SORE THROAT

Two teaspoons of Cow Brand Baking Soda dissolved in a glass of water makes an effective gargle to ease and clear the throat. Besides, the natural alkalinity of the soda aids in dislodging food accumulations and leaves the mouth clean and fresh. Whenever Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for indigestion, acidosis, common colds, "Cow Brand" can always be used with confidence because it is pure Bicarbonate of Soda.



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ment include a thorough check-up of mechanical parts and motor. The machine runs continuously for 100 hours, then it is examined to see how it has stood the long run. By means of a tachometer, the number of revolutions per minute at each speed is checked. Power consumption at each speed is measured too, when the machine is running free and when it is mixing a standard batter.

Coffee-making Devices: It's wise, in this case, to find out if you can, what method of making coffee the new household will favor. And if the bride is such a complete novice that she doesn't know, it won't hurt to supply her with one of each—an electric percolator, graceful and gleaming, and a glass coffee-maker on its own little electric stove. She won't have any excuse then for poor coffee, because hours and hours of study and testing have been spent to perfect these coffee-making devices. You might offer a little tip along with the gift, to the effect that the directions which come with the appliance have been tested, too, and it would be wise to follow them. Then a hint that fine quality fresh coffee is a much better buy than just any kind and, if she takes your good advice, you'll enjoy dropping into her new home.

Roaster: One of the most recent additions to the electric appliance family is the plug-in, automatically controlled roaster. It's an economical and convenient means of cooking a whole meal at once without fuss or muss. Which is bound to appeal to any bride, whether she's just being married this month or celebrating her Silver anniversary.

It will bake, roast or stew, is big enough to hold a turkey or a ham, takes up only about two feet of space, can be taken on a picnic with a previously cooked, hot meal right in it, and is just the thing for "roaster-canning" a few jars of fruit.

And Others: The electric grill might easily bridge the gap between the honeymoon and the time when the bride begins to get this business of three meals a day down to some sort of system. It *is* a bit confusing to find yourself suddenly responsible for planning and preparing food when all you've done about it in the last few weeks is keep your eyes open for an amusing place to eat. But there you are! So a grill as a wedding gift is likely to be a very happy thought. It will cook bacon and eggs or pancakes, and that looks after breakfast. It toasts a sandwich of almost any size, and with a salad, some fruit and a cup of tea, what more could anyone ask for lunch? Even at dinner time it's useful: it will do chops or steaks to a turn. And it makes a big hit with guests.

Another little table stove is the waffle iron. Crisp, brown waffles will tempt many a husband even when he isn't hungry, and there's little danger of not having them crisp and brown, with the new irons specially designed to prevent sogginess and a temperature indicator which can be set and is automatically controlled.

Time is the important thing! Every bride finds that out on the very first day of housekeeping. But if some thoughtful gift-giver has sent an electric clock for the kitchen, she at least knows where she's at; and that's a comfort—usually. ☆

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SHIRRIFF'S "FANCY FREE"

A CREAMY PUDDING with "SEALED IN" Flavour

The Other Brother

Continued from page 49

story. On the third day one of the tabloids had pictures, a full page. James Marbury, president of—; Mrs. Marbury, very active in—; Anthony Marbury, clearing the pole at—; Everett Marbury, three pictures, one a large close-up, showing his smiling eyes and mouth; Joan Raeburn, daughter of the well-known banker, who, though present in her bathing suit and rated the best swimmer on the campus, did not dive in.

The paper appeared by magic, all over the campus; and Joan took the noon train for home. She was a Phi Beta Kappa; she was class day orator for the women; she was the shining light of the senior class.

The town seethed at once with the news of her running away. Added to the question, "How's Marbury doing?" (No need to say "Everett Marbury," everyone knew who was meant) was the remark, "Joan Raeburn's gone. I don't wonder."

MARGARET CAME on, bringing with her an atmosphere of courage. Laura clung to her rather pitifully, as if Margaret in her strength might do something. Anthony, however, did not appear; and after she had laid out her few things she went up the stairs to his room, where he sat ostensibly studying.

She leaned back against the desk, looking down at him. She said, gently, "You feel terribly about Everett, Tony; but is it something more than that, too?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"You mustn't blame yourself, Tony, that you couldn't get him out sooner. You did heroic things—more than anyone else could have done in your place."

"But you see, it's all tied up with Eve and Alison."

He turned his eyes, his head, away; and Margaret waited.

"No use for me to pretend I didn't know that Eve cared about her. I did. I just wouldn't let myself think that that mattered. I told myself—oh, a lot of things that don't matter. All's fair—you know. Anyway, a while ago I asked Alison to marry me." He laughed shortly. "Marry me—and on what? Anyway, that isn't the point. The point is that Eve came running down Saturday and called to me to come swimming—he was all pleased as punch about that invitation of yours—and I said sure, I'd come in just a minute. You see," Anythony lifted tortured eyes to Margaret, "I'd written a letter to a girl. Just a girl I met at Christmas time, but we'd kind of had this and that back and forth, and I wanted to go over and buy a special delivery to put on the letter so she'd get it the next day, Sunday. That's why I didn't go with him. That's why I wasn't there. You see? And all the time there was Alison—and Eve was all gone out about her—and still I was writing this letter—and all—" Again Anthony turned away. "You see? It makes me sick at myself. If Eve dies—just that letter—the difference—"

Margaret patted his arm. "Of course I do see, Anthony. But just the same you are making a morbid thing out of it. We all do things we regret."

"Regret!" said Anthony. "Why, I

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Size 16

MEASUREMENTS of Finished Garments when Blocked—All around at underarm, 34 inches. From shoulder to lower edge, 19 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 7½ inches.

Tension of Stitch—15 sts. = 2 inches. 10 rows = 1 inch.

Materials

4 Balls Pearl Grey 3-ply Wool
1 Pair No. 10 Needles
1 Pair No. 12 Needles

BACK AND FRONT (Alike)—Starting at lower edge, with No. 12 needles, cast on 105 sts. Work in ribbing (K5, P5) thus:

First Row—*K5, P5, repeat from *, ending K5.

2nd Row—*P5, K5, repeat from *, ending P5.

Repeat these 2 rows for 2½ inches.

Change to No. 10 needles, continue working in ribbing until work measures 5 inches from lower edge. Increase 1 st each end of needle every 6th row until there are 125 sts on needle. Continue evenly until work measures 12½ inches from lower edge.

Shape Armhole by casting off 5 sts at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Decrease 1 st each end of needle every 2nd row 6 times (103 sts on needle). Continue evenly until armhole measures 6½ inches from first decreasing.

Cast off loosely.

SLEEVES—Starting at cuff, with No. 12 needles, cast on 85 sts. Work in ribbing (K5, P5) for 1½ inches.

Change to No. 10 needles, continue working in ribbing increasing 1 st. each end of needle every 6th row until there are 105 sts on needle. Continue evenly until sleeve measures 7½ inches from beginning.

Decrease 1 st each end of needle every row for 38 rows.

Cast off remaining 29 sts.

Sew all seams neatly. Sew shoulder seams for 2½ inches. ☆

The Other Brother

Continued from page 63

No, thought Margaret. That doesn't seem strange to me. Nor to love the whole world. And yet love was for all that curiously single, undivided, hard to come by.

"But for all Tony's—overwhelming," said the girl, "there might always be a place where he never reached. Perhaps it's just this accident that's made me realize—" The sentence trailed off.

"Have you seen Tony?"

"Nobody's seen him, not since it happened."

"He's up there in Everett's room. He's brooding. He thinks he should have saved Everett. Hadn't you better go in and speak to him?" Margaret turned the car into the drive and stopped the engine.

Alison looked at the house. "I just can't go in there. I haven't been in there since November. Mrs. Marbury—"

"My dear girl, you have a right in that house beyond Laura Marbury."

"Aren't you coming in?"

"No. I'm going to do an errand." I am not going, thought Margaret, into that house. I can't stand it.

As she turned the car she looked at Alison, walking with such quiet poise into the house. And Laura had called her "a common little thing."

Alison went in, meeting only Jerry. "Coming, Jerry?"

But Jerry wasn't coming. He looked up at her wistfully, but did not follow. At the foot of the third-floor stairs Alison called, "Tony? Are you up there?" and was answered by a scraping chair.

She went on up, meeting him in the doorway. Poor miserable Tony! He looked at her, and she held out her arms instinctively.

She held him close, while he slowly gained control of himself. She kissed his cheek, whispering into his ear, "Tony! Tony, dear! Don't take it so hard. He's going to get well!" And then with a little shamefaced smile at each other, they became themselves again. She went into the room beside him, her hand in his, and they went over to the couch and sat down. Be kind to him, Margaret had said. How could she possibly be anything else?

They sat for a long time, talking spasmodically, having much to say with few words, taking comfort in each other. He hadn't heard that Joan had gone.

"Doesn't Joan matter to you, Tony?

"Nobody seems to matter. Only Eve."

They didn't hear Laura Marbury coming up the stairs. Laura's feet came slowly, haltingly, wearily. They were sitting there, side by side, their hands clasped together, when she pushed open the door.

It was Tony who was suddenly self-conscious. He said, "Don't mind Alison's being here, mother. I should have told you. I hope Alison will marry me."

Laura stood, as if trying to understand what had been said. And then they could see in her face that she did understand. The figure that was so queerly beaten and tired seemed to

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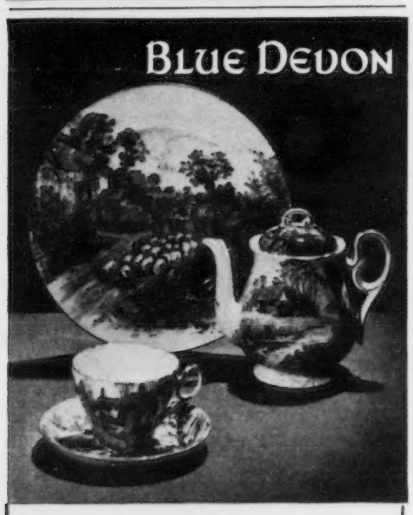

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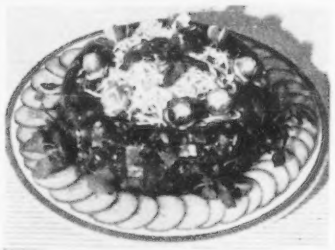
ENGLISH FINE BONE CHINA

Salads to Serve

Summer menus call for plenty of greens and vegetables - serve them crisp and fresh



A summer version of corned beef and cabbage waiting in the ice refrigerator for its final touch of garnish.

MODERN ice refrigerators, with their stylish appearance and low-temperature air-conditioned food compartment, provide the means of keeping salad greens at their perkiest, vegetables crisp and fresh, fruit firm and flavorful. And as a salad can be no better than its ingredients, proper chilling is an all-important step in their preparation.

Summer demands salads, the bowl of greens, the jellied mold, the fruit combination, are all prime favorites in the hot-weather menu, either as the main course or as supplementary dishes. So it's good housekeeping practice to keep the makings on hand in the cool, moist and kindly atmosphere of an up-to-date approved model—ready for use as suits the occasion or as fancy dictates.

Garden products, meat, fish, cheese and even left-overs are starting points of many delicious concoctions for your bowl. They're preserved uncovered, without interchange of flavors or any sacrifice of their original freshness. Here are a few suggestions for combining them.

Salad Bowl

Lettuce
Endive
Celery
Green Pepper
Watercress
Roquefort Dressing

Wash and prepare all the salad greens and crisp in the refrigerator. Shred the lettuce and endive into a salad bowl which has been lightly rubbed with a cut piece of garlic. Add the celery, which has been cut in very fine lengthwise strips and curled by allowing to stand in ice water. Add narrow strips of green pepper and small sprigs of watercress, broken from the stem. Add the dressing, which is made by creaming two tablespoonfuls of Roquefort cheese and gradually adding one-quarter cupful of French dressing, working the mixture with a spoon or fork until perfectly smooth. Toss the mixture lightly together with a salad spoon and fork and serve at once.

Fresh Asparagus Jellied Salad

20 to 24 Stalks of asparagus
Pimiento strips
1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
2 Cupfuls of clear chicken broth
Lettuce

Cut the asparagus ends, leaving tips 2½ inches long. Wash and cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Remove from the water and arrange in bundles of five or six stalks each, binding each one with a strip of pimiento. Arrange these bundles in a flat pan. Soften the gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of the cold chicken broth. Heat the remainder, pour over the softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when the mixture just begins to stiffen, pour over the asparagus in the pan. Chill until firm and cut in four servings, each one having a bundle of asparagus in the centre. Serve on a bed of crisp lettuce accompanied by mayonnaise.

Pineapple Strawberry Salad

½ Fresh pineapple
Lemon juice
4 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
½ Teaspoonful of salt
¾ Teaspoonful of paprika
½ Cupful of sliced strawberries
2 Tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
¼ Cupful of softened cream cheese
Lettuce

Cut the pineapple in slices, peel and shred the fruit from the core in small pieces. Save the juice, measure and add lemon juice to make two tablespoonfuls altogether. Combine with the salad oil, salt and paprika, and mix well. Add to the pineapple, mix well and arrange on crisp lettuce in a serving bowl. Combine the sliced strawberries, sugar and softened cheese (cream or cottage cheese may be used and moistened with cream), and serve as a topping on the pineapple. Four servings.

Corned Beef and Cabbage Ring

1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
¾ Cupful of boiling water
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Can of bouillon or one cupful of seasoned meat stock
1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
1 Teaspoonful of mustard
3 Cupfuls of diced, corned beef
Salt and paprika to taste

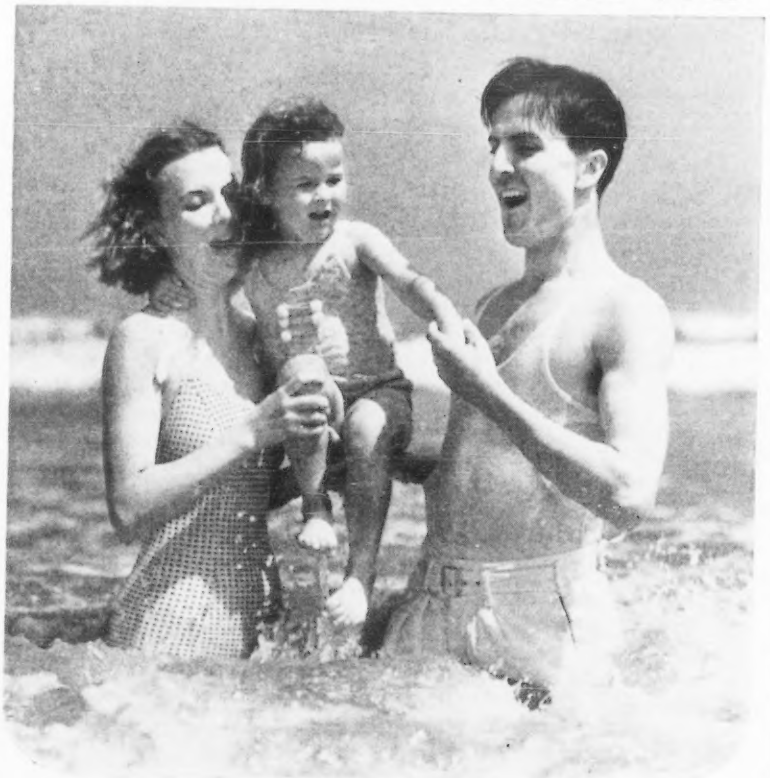
Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add the lemon juice, bouillon and Worcestershire sauce, and allow the mixture to cool. Chill until slightly thickened, then add the grated onion, mustard mixed to a paste with a little cold water and the diced corned beef. Season to taste with salt and paprika and turn into a cold, damp ring mold. Chill until firm and unmold on a large serving plate. Fill the centre with finely shredded cabbage which has been crisped in the refrigerator and tossed lightly with French dressing. Garnish with cucumber slices, radishes and crisp sprigs of watercress. Eight servings.

Tomato Summer Salad

6 Tomatoes
¾ Cupful of diced cucumber
½ Cupful of grated raw carrot
¼ Cupful of thinly sliced celery
¼ Cupful of thinly sliced green onions
French dressing
Crisp lettuce

Select medium-sized tomatoes, scald, peel, and place in the refrigerator to chill. Combine the cucumber, carrot, celery and onion and chill until time to serve. Just before serving, cut the tomatoes in sixths or eighths, cutting almost but not quite through. Spread the sections and place each tomato on crisp lettuce on a serving plate. Add French dressing to the vegetable mixture, toss lightly to mix and place a large spoonful of the mixture in the centre of the tomato. Garnish with crisp watercress and serve with additional dressing if desired. Six servings.

THE BABY CLINIC



EAR TROUBLE—A BATHING HAZARD

by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

ONE OF the hazards of bathing, whether in lake water or the ocean, is the likelihood of water entering the ears and causing infection or inflammation. Polluted water may enter the ear and set up a very painful condition on the lining of the ear and the surface of the eardrum. A furuncle—a sort of boil—may be caused. The latter is extremely painful for the reason that there is little room between bone and surface for the resultant swelling. Finally, by way of nose, mouth and Eustachian tube, water may reach the middle ear, that is, on the inside of the drum. There will be earache, the formation of pus, and inflammation of the middle ear. In such cases if the drum membrane is not promptly opened, it is liable to burst, and the person will have a running ear. This may be followed by an inflammation of the mastoid and this again by meningitis.

If dirty water gets into the ear, steps should at once be taken to remove it. Usually this may be done by having the person lie down, allowing the water to run out. Drawing the external ear upward and backward will straighten the canal and help the process. The canal may be dried by means of a bit of absorbent cotton wound on a probe or wooden applicator. A few drops of alcohol dropped into the external ear canal will help to dry it.

In bathing, effort should be made to keep water out of one's ears. If it does get in and is not removed, the resulting complications referred to should have prompt attention. One's hearing is too valuable to be neglected. ☆

Your Question Box

Question—For the last two or three weeks my daughter, three years and three months old, has been stammering badly. I have had to scold her because she bothers the baby. I have difficulty getting her to take her food. If I "starve" her, she will eat a meal and then lapse back to refusing her food again. Please advise.

Answer—Stuttering is often provoked in little children by excitement such as a fit of crying. It usually clears up of itself after two or three weeks. If it lasts for more than a month the child's health should be examined. A change and a tonic may be all that are required. Excitement and fatigue must be minimized. Usually in these cases the breathing is at fault, and the child must be taught to fill her lungs before trying to speak. Sometimes, getting a child who can read, to read aloud or sing what it has to say, helps. Get her out of doors and keep her busy at something, also give her syrup of the iodide of iron in ten-drop doses after each meal. Avoid use of candy, except in small quantities at meals. ☆

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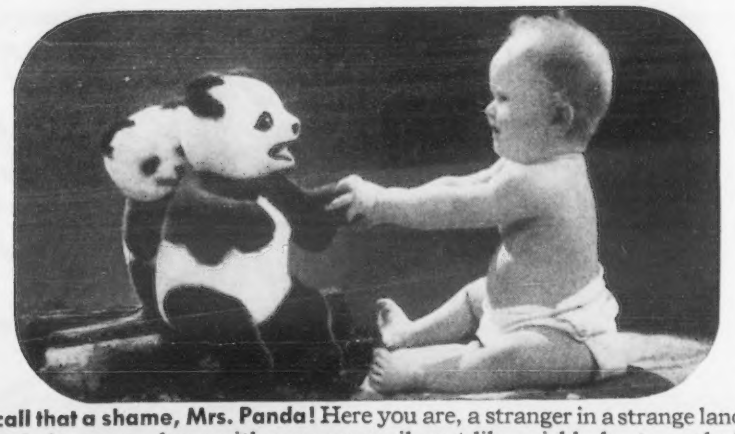

"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this..."

"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"

"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"

"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The talc in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

collapse. She sank onto the couch and burst into tears.

Tony was beside her, kneeling with his arms around her, pouring meaningless words into her ear. But they meant nothing to her. She sobbed, her face streaked, her hair untidy, and all she could say was, "Everett! But Everett—" And finally, "I can't bear it! Maybe Everett meant to do it! Maybe he didn't want to live!"

"Oh, no!" Alison laid a hand on the older woman's knee, and Tony, holding her head against his, said, "No, mother, he didn't know." But something in Tony turned an icy cold, and Alison, after that instant denial, stood stiff and still. But he did know. Could it be that this was no accident? Oh, no! her mind said; No!

Into that moment rang the telephone. Instantly every emotion was hushed. In that house the ringing of the telephone meant hope, or tragedy. Every other thought stopped where it was, while Anthony jerked the receiver from its hook and said, with tense quietness, "This is Anthony Marbury."

There was a moment while the voice spoke. Then Anthony looked at his mother. "Mother!" he cried. "Mother! Eve's come back! He spoke!"

"He spoke." Laura Marbury just breathed the words.

Oh, thought Alison with a startling pain, I might have been there!

And then they all began rushing. Hurry seemed to possess them. Anthony dashed on ahead, and the two women followed, Laura so clumsily that Alison had to hold her arm. Downstairs she seemed distracted, turning pointlessly here and there. Alison had to find the older woman her hat, and even made her hold still while she straightened her hair, saying to the trembling woman, "You want to look like yourself, not worried or anything, when he sees you."

Downstairs, James, his face alive again, was in the hall. Laura cried out, holding out her arms, stumbling down the last stairs, "James—James! He's come back to us!"

"Yes," said James Marbury. "He's come back to us."

They hurried into the car, and Alison watched them go. It had not occurred to any of them to take her.

NOT RIGHT away did the world which Everett had left come back to him. He spoke, to be sure, and knew people, but their faces came to him from far away, and they did not matter to him. He woke and slept and woke again; and then one morning he woke, and knew his world. He opened his eyes and saw a great bowl of red roses on the dresser. "Who sent these?" he said.

The nurse stepped forward and smoothed his sheet. "A Miss Blake. Now you lie quiet—"

"No!" said Everett, sitting up in bed. "Nothing's the matter with me. I'm going home."

So the next morning they wrapped him in blankets and carried him to a car. He passed through familiar streets that seemed strange and full of people turning their heads and strangely smiling, and then he was looking at last at a familiar door that was still not quite natural, even with Anthony there, and Ben, and Lizbeth.

☆ *To be concluded*

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THE *Kitchen Queen* SINK

Floor, Counter Tops and Walls feature Dominion Linoleum and Muroleum.

Examine these sensational new features!

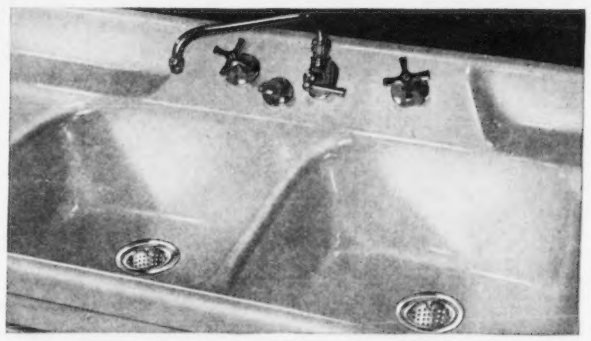
Women designed this sink—women who knew the advantages of *knee* room and *toe* room as well as *elbow* room . . . who appreciated the value of depressed drainboards, a handy rinsing spray and strainers that lift out and empty like a cup. They dictated its height — 36 inches. They recommended the "comfort-angle" supply panel illustrated at the right. They insisted on *ample storage space* for cutlery, pots and pans and decreed that the whole be as *easy to clean* as a china dish. To meet their demands—to meet *your* demands, Crane stylists went to work. Success crowned their efforts. They named their creation The Kitchen Queen and it is awaiting your inspection.

Are Crane Sinks Expensive?

Let's be frank: Crane sinks are built up to a standard not down to a price . . . BUT in the complete Crane line of sinks there is *something to suit every purse*. Your architect, builder or plumber will gladly bring you to a Crane showroom and *prove* Crane has *exactly* what you require. The Crane Budget Plan or the Government Home Improvement Plan makes payment easy.

Bathrooms and Heating Systems, too

For your bathroom Crane supplies beautiful *ensembles* of bathtubs, lavatories and closets in white or colour. Crane supplies complete automatic heating systems, too: furnaces for all types of fuel, radiators, piping — everything. Are you planning to build or modernize? Then you'll appreciate the many helpful ideas in our new booklet "For the Home of Today". Write for it!



Look at these big, roomy 8" deep compartments! Flick! And these *strainers* become *stoppers*. Look, too, at the "comfort-angle" supply panel with its retractable spray and swinging mixing spout that gives tempered water! And look at the safety ledge that keeps glasses out of harm's way!

Cup strainer can be lifted out and emptied like a cup.

A sliding cutlery compartment in upper drawer.

Recessed sub-base provides ample toe room.

Drainboards are depressed 1". Safe! No overflowing!

This recessed centre panel provides knee room, permits correct posture and lessens fatigue.

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As an Editor Sees it —

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

WOMEN AT WORK It's started at last. Women are really beginning to glimpse what a power they could be in the national life of their country.

The path that has led them to this knowledge — only partially realized even now — is an obvious one. More time at home sent women out into community life. The remarkable organizations of women's clubs which followed have completed an imposing list of actual achievements. Women have turned their spare time into profit for themselves and their country.

But, as so often happens, the details of club routine tended to bog down many of the possibilities for service which face women today. It needed the startling war scare to send them into a new phase — that of a mass registration of the woman power of the country in preparation for a national emergency.

Mildred Foulke Meese

Every woman who is working with this, the first Dominion-wide registration of women, stresses the fact that such an emergency is not war alone. There are scores of others which women can help to solve, provided they are firmly united, and have a positive means of expressing their viewpoint. For example — the health of tens of thousands of children raised on relief diets. What is to be done about that? There is one national emergency which needs the brains and organized help of our womanhood.

Women are learning that, without training, they can't do much in any public field of service. Which accounts for the reports which come constantly to my desk of overflow meetings throughout the country, where women are gathering to take some definite action.

You'll read the background of the plan to register our women, in Isabel Turnbull Dingman's article on page 10. Widespread interest was expressed in our April discussion of the women who are organizing themselves for non-combatant duties. More evidence will come through Chatelaine in the months to come of women's increasing realization that they've a mighty important work to do.

Isabel Turnbull Dingman

PERSONALITIES OF THE ISSUE It was a sheer delight to find this month's cover, for it meant studying many unusually beautiful flower paintings in the studio of Beatrice Robertson, the Canadian artist who has made a specialty of them. Next month, Evan Parry, editor of "Your Home" department, tells you how to preserve these flower paintings most effectively for wall decorations without actually framing them. This suggestion comes in a particularly valuable article on home ideas.

Mildred Foulke Meese is a young mother who manages to write unusually effective short stories with her two small children getting every moment of care they need. One of her best friends is a woman doctor, so her background for "Not Without a Plan" is authentic. To make doubly sure we asked one of Canada's most famous women doctors to check the story details and so discovered another important feature article which will be published shortly. For when we asked our doctor-critic if there were many women doctors practicing in centres such as that described in the story, she replied "Any number. And magnificent work they're doing." What that work is — how the women doctors of Canada are faring, and what their special problems are, will enthrall you. Coming soon.

POTATO SACKS AND CULTURE This is a true story, and one of my favorites. A woman who has spent years studying the handicraft lore of some of our New Canadians told it to me, and I find myself repeating it to most audiences of women.

This lady had been visiting one of the Ukrainian villages in the West and found herself in one of the very poorest homes. Leaving, she asked impulsively, "Is there anything I can do for you?" The shy Ukrainian woman shook her head, then added hastily, "Have you an old potato sack you could send me?"

The sack was salvaged from the customary casual destruction, mailed and forgotten. Months later came a gift in the mail — a woven panel of glowing beauty. The potato sack — plus the genius for beauty inherited from thousands of years of culture, of a Ukrainian woman who, coming to the new world, loved to card her own wool, make her own vegetable dyes, design her own color harmonies. But she could not afford a canvas back for her weaving.

How much interest in your community do you take in the contribution women from the old world can make to our need for beauty? How vital is your interest? In the readjustment of population which faces an overcrowded old world, and an empty new one, what part will our women play in the conscious realization that in giving our New Canadians a place to live we are facing a definite opportunity to add to our own traditions of beauty? That we are facing, too, a challenge to our understanding of their needs. One man who is helping these people to adjust themselves told me that, inevitably on receiving his citizenship papers, a New Canadian will ask, "Now they can't call me 'foreigner' any more?"

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